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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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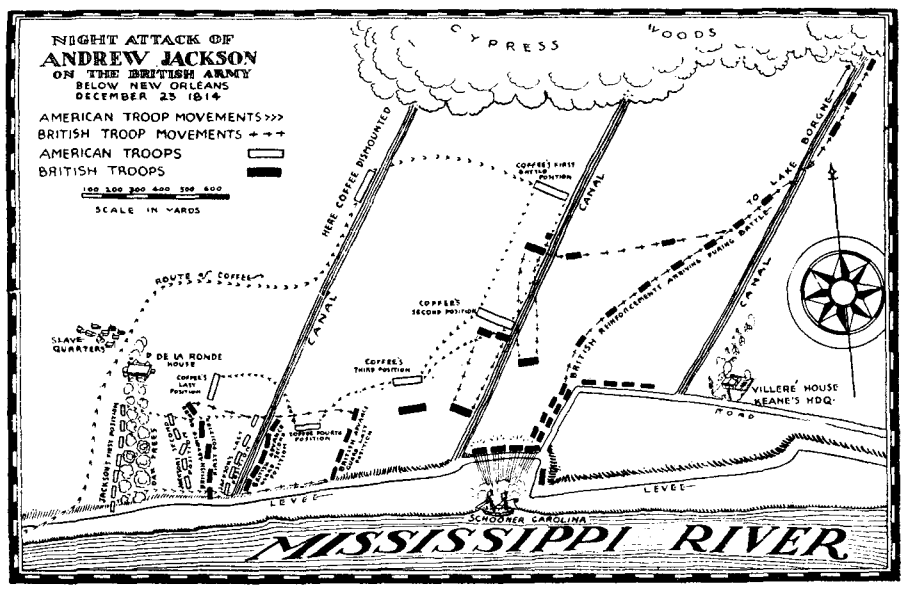

MAP OF NIGHT ATTACK BELOW NEW ORLEANS.
From "Andrew Jackson, the Border Captain."

A Dragon Wallows Up

LIBERALISM, not the dogma of a party nor a formula of economics, but the liberal spirit, tolerant, intelligent, magnanimous, hopeful, which this *Review* has stood by, and stands by, has never in our time been in greater danger than at this moment. The violence and persecutions of the Great War were the results of circumstance and against the policy of the majority of civilized men. The spirit of fear-and-hate, with the violence, the persecutions, the threats against world peace which accompany it, has now been adopted as a policy by men and nations who believe that liberalism has broken down, and demand that its opposite shall become a philosophy of action.

But liberalism has not broken down; it is only liberals that have failed. The distinction between an ideal and its application is important. That the liberal spirit of the last era was one of the great achievements of the human race (hard won and easily lost) will not be denied. That it was blindly optimistic, narrow in its application, unsound in its economic bases, romantic in its belief that we needs must love the highest when we see it, is equally true. The shock of the war destroyed a confidence not firmly grounded. Emphasis shifted from the successes of liberalism to its failures. There was a healthy reaction against optimism. The too sanguine humors of the world were quickly purged.

Reaction went further. Amidst the disillusions and the futilities of the post-war period, the liberal spirit itself began to seem a mockery. Sensitive spirits, like Feuchtwanger, bent on realism, rewrote historical romance to exhibit the cynicism of politics, analysts like Proust began to study the decay of culture, the English novelists described the end of an epoch. Significantly, a new brutality came into literature—in Europe a hard transcription of brutal experience, in America, with writers like Hemingway, a fascinated, a romantic, dallying with brutality itself. Realism changed from an impartial formula to a creed; to be realistic began to mean to doubt everything which the liberal mind had willed and hoped. The defeatism of the last weary years of the war became a philosophy. Since they could not have the confidence of pre-war, men and women began not to believe in confidence. And when confidence leaves, fear arrives. All over the western world we have had a literature of fear, sometimes intellectually courageous, sometimes, as

(*Continued on next page*)

Old Hickory

ANDREW JACKSON, THE BORDER CAPTAIN. By MARQUIS JAMES. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1933. $3.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

COMMENTING in an appendix of "Personal Acknowledgements" upon Parton's life of Jackson, and especially upon the fact that, in spite of its faults, "a *man* walks through" its numerous pages, Mr. James takes to task the American biographers who regard biography as "a sort of by-product of history rather than the cellular life of the same." "The spotlight," he declares, "must ever be on the central character. Background must remain background and by selection and emphasis be kept from swamping the man we are trying to tell about." Mr. James may well have had even less difficulty in the present book than in his previous biography of Sam Houston in adhering to his plan, for while Jackson was peculiarly a product of the then southwestern frontier, he was himself such an outstanding figure that one would be hard put to it to write the history of the region without making his personality emerge; and in Mr. James's hands the emergence is both more vivid and more complete than any previous biographer has achieved.

The book is more than a piece of brilliant writing, however. Mr. James confesses to a fondness for working with manuscripts, and his research in the manuscript field, as well as in that of printed sources, has been thorough. He has, for example, examined nearly all the manuscripts which the late Professor Bassett used in his collection of Jackson's correspondence, besides using many others which Bassett omitted or condensed. In addition, he appears to have visited all the places in which Jackson lived, worked, speculated, quarrelled, and fought. The results of these two lines of inquiry show themselves in such diverse fields as a minute examination of the question of Jackson's birthplace and the circumstances of his marriage, and a masterly study of the *locale* of the New Orleans battle and the incidents of the battle itself.

The main outlines of Jackson's career down to 1821, the point at which Mr. James stops (a second volume is to follow), have already been drawn, notably in the two volumes of Bassett's biography, but Mr. James, besides contributing a wealth of details and critical discussions,

(*Continued on page* 511)

Our Lost Leaders

By I. A. RICHARDS

THE worst threat to the world's critical standards comes just now from the universities. So at least thinks a very large minority inside the faculties and departments of English, and the literary public, which is touched more nearly than it knows by academic problems, should be concerned to listen to their case.

Put briefly it is that the difference between a mind which can solemnly pen such empty platitudes as appear in many university publications on literature, and a mind that can see their absurdity is, spiritually, a life and death difference. And, secondly, that deadness of spirit is to some degree catching, so that to thrust, as we do, the mass of our young people into close contact with dead spirits through the most susceptible years of their "education" is a dangerous practice.

What has happened is explained by the working of the academic machine wherever strong hands are not laid upon it to prevent it from mastering us. There are universities both in America and in England—and I have been so fortunate as to have been associated only with these—where these dangers are recognized and, so far as may be, avoided. But they are more difficult to avoid than the non-academic critic may suppose. When a strong and alert hand is lacking the machine has things its own way. Its victims have to lecture whether they have anything to say or not. Before that they have to listen for years to such lectures. After all this listening—interspersed with hurried "examining of works" to the satisfaction of another, not very different, kind of Examiners—they gain the privilege of earning a small salary by giving such lectures. But the doors to this privilege can only be opened by compositions like those with which we are all familiar. As a rule the candidate has no special interest in the subject. It is chosen for him by a set of conditions which arise largely because what he is supposed to be doing is cruelly and falsely called research. As he is going in most cases to be a teacher, he ought to be qualifying himself to do as little harm as possible—to be as little deadening as he can—to those he is to teach. Instead, as he is researching, he has to pretend to be doing something new and useful—a feat of which he is incapable at this stage of his development. The exceptions to this are too few to matter. In an overwhelming majority of cases, the research period merely damages his chances of development, and afterwards he is likely to be too busy steering his would-be successors through the doors to do properly anything that he may later find to do.

This gloomy summary is a string of commonplaces inside the profession. No doubt all professions have their skeletons. "Every profession is a conspiracy against the laity." But the academic profession, in this regard, is in conspiracy against itself. It is indeed a piteous sight to see men ready at last to do good work fretting their energies away looking after men who are not yet, and in most cases never will be, able to do anything of value. But the conspiracy hurts the laity too, since it removes nearly all those who are best qualified by natural gifts and scholarship from their proper work in maintaining and refining our critical standards. No one will deny that we need help in this; no one will maintain that we are getting it from the universities in anything like the measure in which, I think, we might reasonably expect it. For after all, the universities do get the pick of the world's brains. They keep a few; but use them in a way which cuts them off from their proper share in critical leadership, in the interests of an academic *compromise* with research.

It is a compromise because the young teacher is expected to research and the young researcher to teach. This sounds a reasonable requirement. There is a pretty theory which backs it to the effect that no one can be a good teacher who is not smitten himself with a sacred passion of curiosity. This appealing notion might have more relevance if teaching and researching in English were more like teaching and researching in other subjects, or if the research were more often motivated by an inner not an outer necessity. But teaching in English is unlike teaching in history, or mathematics, or languages, or science. Each of these is a discipline which a well-trained person can successfully display and transmit without a tithe of the strain that good teaching in English involves. Ready memory, sound learning, care in presentation, and a modicum of vivacity or impressiveness make a man an excellent teacher in any factual or logical subject. Something quite different is required in addition from a good teacher in English. He has to bring into the classroom and display there a fairly complete, well-balanced, and sensitive personality. For he has to speak about living matters which cannot be isolated—like specific heats, or clauses in the Bill of Rights—from the

This Week

FATE COMES UNSWERVING.
By MARK VAN DOREN.

"THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF JOFFRE."
Reviewed by ROBERT G. ALBION.

"LOOKING FORWARD."
Reviewed by ROYAL J. DAVIS.

INDIVIDUALISM, AN AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE."
Reviewed by GUSTAVUS MYERS.

"THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS."
Reviewed by S. K. RATCLIFFE.

"COLD COMFORT FARM."
Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD.

"ACTING."
Reviewed by LORA BAXTER.

"LOSE WITH A SMILE."
Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

"MARIE ANTOINETTE."
Reviewed by MEADE MINNIGERODE.

"THE LIFE OF GEORGE ELIOT."
Reviewed by AMABEL WILLIAMS ELLIS.

Next Week, or Later

RECOLLECTIONS OF FRANK NOR'
By ERNEST C. PEIXOTTO.

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context of our joint experience. If he reads or discusses a poem he will kill it for the class, and had better far have left it alone, unless he is, then and there, as discriminatingly aware of it as he can be. Mere enthusiasm and knowledge will not be enough—they can lead to the most fulsome and impertinent thrusting of the poetry on the pupils. What is required is the exercise of a critical sincerity in ease and freedom, which is something that no one can provide to order.

There is, it is true, in the teaching of literature, a part which is comparable to the teaching of other subjects—literary history, namely, who wrote what, when, and why: who influenced whom; who reacted against whom. This, with annotation, anecdote, remarks on prosody and oddments of philology will supply material for a great number of lectures. And in the past this has, on the whole, been what teachers of English literature have felt that they should supply. We forget, however, how recent the teaching of English literature is, and in this recency is to be found the explanation of the queerly unoriented position of the whole subject.

The place of literature in Western culture has shifted and is still shifting. Some familiarity with a few great books used to be the almost native endowment of all. Wide and varied reading was the accomplishment of the gentleman's class only. In those days courses in English literature were not needed. A man's parents and friends could provide what, for his position in life, he needed. Today all this is changed.

The public, as a whole, is being cut off more and more from any family or juvenile contacts with literature and the wide and varied reading which is our universal accomplishment is more likely to impoverish and imperil our minds than to enrich or support them. All this is well known and it is doubtless an awareness of it which has caused the demand for literature courses in schools and at the uni-
rsities. But the awareness has not been
ıe enough; we have not asked sharply
ıough what the demand is for and how
hat it seeks may be given. At the mo-
ent we are in general choking it off rather than supplying it.

The demand, under many disguises, is for contact with and initiation into the ways of thinking and feeling, choosing and judging, which have been counted the best in the past. Literary history will not meet this. It has its place in the necessary equipment of the scholar—but Heaven forbid that we should all be scholars. The only general demand that it can meet is a discreditable one which looks to literary courses to provide an imitation culture—the kind of "culture" by which a man may escape the imputation of being "uneducated" even when he is so. Quite a different kind of English teaching is needed to meet the need for a proper inheritance of our genuine culture and traditions. The recognition of this fact that what used to be given by natural contacts must now be given artificially by teaching is forcing a slow and painful reform in the English schools.

The focus of the problem is the position of research. If a man is to teach in a way at all adequate to the importance of his duty, he needs leisure, in which to read, meditate, and refresh himself. He needs protection from distraction and most research in English is the merest distraction without relevance to anything he is doing or (careerist considerations apart) the least urgency. Most researches are tasks that have been found, after painful research, in order to satisfy the system. In the present state of English studies the only researches that are worth doing are those that the worker feels so strongly about that he *must* work at them. Here again, as with teaching, a parallel with other subjects (scientific, for example) may be misleading. In physics there are plenty of pieces of work that any one of a hundred adequately trained persons can do equally well. In English subjects—
art from the merest editing or compila-
—there is needed a peculiar marriage
man and the work. No other job
him and no other man will suit
is makes the organization of
cruel and profitless and ex-

plains why so few academic theses have any significance for anyone.

What matters most to our civilization is that as many as possible of those who are capable of discrimination and reflection should be encouraged to discriminate and reflect. Wordy and impassioned attempts to simplify the problems that arise for all curious minds are no substitute for such encouragement. They do not feed the curiosity, they damp or disgust it. Nor is indiscriminate laudation of poetry our need at the moment. What is needed is better training in reading, in making out, that is, whether what we are reading has anything in it of value or not. It is not what we have read but how we have read it that counts. Explanations of the importance of poetry (even good explanations) and insistence upon its importance are of no avail unless the exercise and discipline of the mind in the act of reading is heightened.

The equipment both of writers and readers is being provided by universities. From them, and from the schools, the literary public must take its standards of sensitiveness, acumen, and alertness in reading. It used not to be so; we used to derive our standards from great books and from an idiom in the mouths of our fellows that itself derived largely from great books. But the natural channels, *the family and the privileged class, for example*, have been broken down; cheap printing and now the radio—those two overwhelming extensions of our physical means of communication—have completed the inundation; and henceforth we all have to swim for ourselves in a verbal medium of mixed quality that it would be idle to comment on here. As fishes are built up of what is in the water so the systems we, rather possessively and individualistically, call "our minds" are made up for us by a *selection* from the verbal medium we live in. Doubtless in addition we have our human nature, our family constellations, our distinctive ego-id proportions, our pre-verbal unconscious. . . . But, as the poet and critic are most concerned with us, we are structures built up on this basis by assimilation and accretion from our verbal medium. And the poet and critic, too, are being of the same order. Where they differ from us it is largely because they have followed more rigorous principles of selection.

This way of describing the familiar situation confuses it, for some people, with a relatively minor problem of vocabulary. But the peril that the breakdown of cultural channels has exposed us to is not only a matter of impoverishment, corruption, or blurring of vocabulary—serious though it is. It threatens our values still more deeply. Nearly all our possibilities of experience today are offered us first in imagination *through words*. Even when this is not so, the experience is illuminated for us and placed in some perspective for us through words. We judge it, we choose to pursue it or to avoid it because of words. All our intellectual and most of our emotional discriminations keep their order and clarity through words. The whole abstract world of moral values is held for us by a framework of words. Still more important, our skill in sorting and manipulating these values in imagination is chiefly a skill with words. Our forms of thinking are verbal. Our modes of purpose and feeling, if they are not verbal, can at least only be examined and compared by means of words. A decline in our sensitiveness and discrimination with words must be followed soon by a decline in the quality of our living also.

These considerations together with the evidence (which is, I think, indisputable) of a rapid decline in verbal standards both as to speaking, writing, and reading-capacity among industrialized populations, puts a new and terrifying responsibility upon the literary critic. In the eighteenth century he was a gardener in a garden whose finest plants showed on the whole a strong tendency to overcome by themselves any weeds that might struggle to oust them. Today he is more in the position of a botanist called in to deal with an uncontrollable new growth of hybrids and migrants.

The real danger is seen most clearly if we consider the general capacity in reading, rather than speaking or writing. It is not hard to demonstrate that a majority even in a select company are not able to read sufficiently well for the study of any exacting literature to be of profit to them. A page of seventeenth century prose or verse and a request for an analytic paraphrase will disclose this fact. Phrases and constructions which were by no means too fine or too involved for the general reading public of Milton's time will badly strain the mental span of a modern class reading for Honors.

This would seem a paralyzing situation, if we did not know how unfamiliar any exacting reading is to modern readers or how little training in close attention to finely formed meanings they have had. Ordinary life gives no such training, and where shall we find today schoolmasters to do for us what Bowyer did for Coleridge and Lamb?

> At the same time that we were studying the Greek tragic poets, he made us read Shakespeare and Milton as lessons; and they were lessons too, which required most time and trouble to *bring up* so as to escape his censure. I learnt from him that poetry, even that of the loftiest, and, seemingly, wildest odes, had a logic of its own as severe as that of science; and more difficult, because more subtle, more complex, and dependent on more, and more fugitive, causes.

The situation would be more paralyzing also, if we did not realize how intricate and deep an exercise the careful reading of any page of good prose or verse is. And how supreme an opportunity the exercise of close and critical reading gives us. Here, if we can use it, is our resource against confusion. Here is our means of strengthening that inner power of ordered choice which is our only protection.

As he ponders over the contemporary situation the critic or the reviewer must feel, I fancy, an increasing uncertainty as to the value of his undertakings. He feels himself struggling to affirm certain values against odds. The more candid he is the less he will be sure, himself, of those values. Meanwhile the more carefully and honestly he tries to write just what, after reflection, he thinks, the more he will discover that most of his readers—even the sympathetic—misunderstand him. For every additional exactitude in his writing he will have to pay a price in misunderstanding. The only road down which he can be sure of being followed is an old, easy, well-worn highroad of cloudy vagueness. Encountering these conditions and tracing them to their source, he may recall that there is one branch of the literary critic's profession where he is entitled to take steps to see that he is not misunderstood; one sphere where his judgments and distinctions can be assured of proper attention. It is not impossible that a part of the solution of our difficulties might be supplied by a migration from the journalist reviewer's attic to the classroom. The obstacles—overwork in term time and more limited choice of company—are not so serious that endowments could not overcome them, if those who can endow realized the urgency of the matter. The great need for better readers, and the little need for any but superlatively good writers, must make friends of literature wish that our available critical talent could be concentrated where its savage virtue would be most effective—in the classroom or the tutor's study.

J. A. Richards, Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, has been one of the most stimulating and provocative influences in recent criticism. His "The Meaning of Meaning" (with C. K. Ogden), his "Principles of Literary Criticism," and particularly his "Practical Criticism" with its remarkable reports upon the teaching of poetry, have exercised wide influence. He was a visiting professor at Harvard in 1932. It has been unfortunately necessary to omit some of Mr. Richard's evidence for the conclusions in this essay, because of space limitations.

A Dragon Wallows Up

(*Continued from preceding page*)

in the fiction of cruelty and disorder, distinctly hysterical.

A Matthew Arnold, a Tennyson, an Emerson, a Whitman are of little use in such a crisis. What could Whitman mean to a twenty-year-old Nazi, or Emerson to a convinced Communist? We have dropped from the spiritual level where such idealists can persuade the typical intellect; and it may be said with equal truth that their doctrine is too naive for a world economically and socially far more complex than theirs, and curdled with passions which the complacency of the nineteenth century kept under, in classes which had not yet sought their place in the sun.

What is needed today is a biting literature of social criticism, aware of the beast, the child, and the coward in every breast, yet unwilling to concede defeat or to accept error. We need a Voltaire. We need a "Candide," a book that Jew-baiters and war-mongers can understand. We need a lash for the failures of liberalism (as Voltaire lashed the failures of Christianity) by men who understand (as Voltaire understood) that the purposes of liberalism are indispensable. The stupidities of force and blind reaction can be fought only by intelligence, disillusioned but not discouraged. The lumbering naturalism of realistic fiction is quite inadequate, and so is the outmoded humanitarianism of the stage. A controlled and intelligent anger, destructive in order to construct, sharp as a knife and aware of its ends and its enemy, is the best weapon against this old dragon of intolerance, distrust, violence, and hate, wallowing up from the mud of history. You cannot kill dinosaurs with sermons or scientific analyses, or turn them back by oratory. Nor do whiffs of grape shot settle anything except for the moment, as Napoleon learned to his cost.

Sir W. Beach Thomas, writing in the London *Observer* in commemoration of the tercentenary of the death of the poet, George Herbert, says: "He was a friend of kings, but also a king of friends; and though James I. patronized him, and, if he had lived, might have turned him into a useless courtier, and Charles I. read him in prison, his life is chiefly famous for his friendships and his family friendships. No friendship under record has more ideal qualities than John Donne's with Herbert's mother. . . . George Herbert was a saint from his youth up, but at one period the temptation to be a worldling was almost too strong for him, and he suffered from wracking struggles in spirit, as in body, to the very moment of his death. . . . We may conclude, with apologies to the cynics, that saintliness was in the tissue of his being. So was music, so was verse. And in spite of the glories of 'The Temple' and 'Private Ejaculations,' his attributes may be set in that order of dominance, if not of merit."

Fate Comes Unswerving

By MARK VAN DOREN

FATE comes unswerving like a frightened horse
Sky-maddened on a white mid-afternoon.
Fate comes unseeing, and the blinded hooves
Drum a shrill thunder to a noteless tune
That dies into the forest, where an owl
Returns it to the midnight and the moon.

Lean neither way, for nothing can escape.
No walker in a field knows whence it comes.
Only there is an instant when the dust
Whirls upward and the round horizon hums.
Then the feet loudest, and the final leap . . .
With afterward no dream of any drums.

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"Papa" Joffre

THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF JOFFRE. Translated by COL. T. BENTLEY MOTT. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932. 2 vols. $6.

Reviewed by ROBERT G. ALBION

WITH military historians still in disagreement over the relative merits of Grant, Sherman, Lee, and Jackson, it is small wonder that the reputations of the World War leaders is still a matter of dispute. Few of those commanders have been under more critical fire than Marshal Joffre, the much-advertised "Hero of the Marne." This gives special importance to the posthumous appearance of his two volumes of memoirs. Both in style and content they make the most interesting reading that has yet come from the pen

MARSHAL JOFFRE.

of an important Western Front commander.

"Papa Joffre" seems to have defended himself fairly successfully against many of the charges that have been made against his efficiency. In the most sensational and devastating of these, by Captain Liddell Hart in his "Reputations Ten Years After" in 1928, Joffre was called "not a general, but a national nerve sedative," placed in high command as "merely a solid shield behind which subtler brains could direct French military policy." Gallieni, rather than Joffre, had been the man who deserved the title of "Hero of the Marne," according to Liddell Hart. Not only had Joffre no adequate conception of the serious situation, the young British critic continued, but his chief contribution to the victory consisted of his "impression of ponderous and benign calm" which cheered his anxious subordinates, who felt that conditions could not be as bad as they looked if the commander-in-chief could seem so casually unconcerned. Frank H. Simonds, on the other hand, is quoted on the jacket as saying that "Joffre was not only the greatest commander-in-chief of the World War, but also, as the chief of a general staff, the superior of the elder Moltke himself."

Joffre had a far more difficult task at the outset than did his German rival, the younger Moltke, who simply had to set in motion an offensive plan carefully prepared years before by his predecessor, Schlieffen. Moltke, in fact, would have done better had his role been completely passive, for his chief activity consisted in altering the Schlieffen plan just enough to wreck it.

Joffre, on the other hand, was forced into a defensive, guessing, opportunist role. His account of the first weeks of the war reveal vividly the uncertainty which existed at French headquarters, for it was not until August 20th that Joffre was finally convinced that the Germans were forming a mass manœuvre in Belgium. The French, it seems, had no complete plan of defense in writing. The formation of such plans, Joffre states, was his personal responsibility, and he was under no obligation to share them with anyone. One suspects that there was considerable haziness even in his own mind.

More than once, Joffre reveals the impatience of Galic realism with British moral susceptibilities. He claims that a complete written plan of defense would have included operations in Belgium, about whose neutrality the British were so touchy. This same drawback, he claims, prevented the French from "jumping the gun" as soon as the Germans did. He declared that the enemy were making preparations as early as July 21st and implies that he himself was straining at the leash, but fear of British opinion led the French Cabinet to take no chances at offending potential allies. Even on July 31st, the Cabinet delayed the calling of the reservists.

Naturally, Joffre's discussion of the strategy leading to the Battle of the Marne is the most important feature of the memoirs. He shows that he had to discard some of his early calculations. He had seriously underestimated the enemy numbers, not expecting that they would use reserve divisions in the front line. Even when he had considered the possibility of an attack through Belgium, he had not anticipated operations west of the Meuse. By August 14th, Lanrezac, commander of the Fifth Army, tried to warn him of such a threat, but Joffre refused to discuss plans with him, and was not finally convinced until August 20th. During the next five days he was tending more and more toward "creating on the outer wing of the enemy a mass capable, in its turn, of enveloping his marching flank." On August 26th he ordered the movement of troops from Lorraine to form a new Sixth Army for this purpose around Amiens, but before it could be assembled, the Battles of the Frontier had pushed the action far beyond there. On September 1st, Manoury, commander of the new Sixth Army, "with a clearness of vision greatly to his credit," pointed out that the German First Army was heading southeast instead of against Paris. Rejecting the British suggestion of a defensive action along the Marne, Joffre "resolved to fall back again and establish my front several days' march in rear of where it now stood," to have time to bring more men from the Lorraine region.

Joffre is careful to see that Gallieni gets no undue credit for releasing Manoury's Sixth Army from the Paris zone for active service. More than once he damns with faint praise his "devoted, clear-sighted collaborator." In fact, he declared that by despatching Manoury north of the Marne prematurely, Gallieni precipitated the general battle on September 6th, and Joffre felt, when he wrote, that the results would have been more decisive had it come a day later, when the Germans were still deeper in the great pocket.

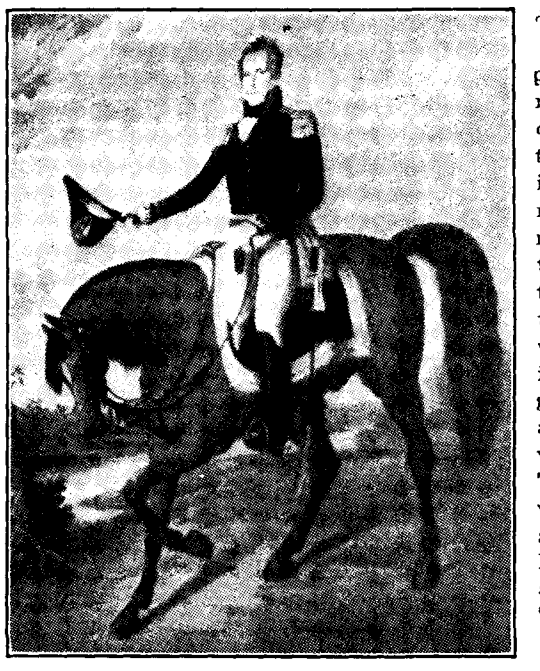
The most dramatic passage in the book is Joffre's description of his visit to the British G.H.Q. at Melun on the afternoon before the Battle of the Marne started. All through August, his daily remarks contain criticisms of inadequate British effort and his fears that Marshal French was so intent upon resting his battered army that he would not coöperate in the proposed attack. It was a vital matter, for the British lay directly opposite the great gap between the German First and Second Armies. Joffre writes:

> We found Sir John French, surrounded by the officers of his staff, notably Generals Murray and Wilson. These two men represented to my eyes the opposing tendencies which existed at British Headquarters: Wilson standing for action that was favorable to us, Murray for the ideas I feared.
>
> I immediately entered upon my subject. I put my whole soul into the effort to convince the Field Marshal. I told him that the decisive moment had arrived and that we must not let it escape —we must go to battle with every man both of us had and free from all reservations.
>
> "So far as regards the French Army," I continued, "my orders are given, and, whatever may happen, I intend to throw my last company into the balance to win a victory to save France. It is in her name that I come to you to ask for British assistance, and I urge it with all the power I have in me. I cannot believe that the British Army will refuse to do its share in this supreme crisis—history would severely judge your absence."
>
> Then, as I finished, carried away by my convictions and the gravity of the moment, I remember bringing down my fist on a table which stood at my elbow, and crying, "Monsieur le Maréchal, the honor of England is at stake!"
>
> Up to this point French had listened imperturbably to the officer who was translating what I said, but now his face suddenly reddened. There ensued a short, impressive silence; then, with visible emotion, he murmured, "I will do all I possibly can." Not understanding English, I asked Wilson what Sir John had said. He merely replied, "The Field Marshal says 'Yes.'"

"The courage and tenacity of our men being granted," writes Joffre, "it was the French system of command which triumphed at the Marne." He explains that the Germans, following the precedent of the elder Moltke, taught that once a battle starts, the commander-in-chief has nothing more to do. The French, on the contrary, felt that "a battle could and should be directed" even if the old, direct spy-glass control was no longer possible. A commander-in-chief, writes Joffre, can alone get the proper perspective and give orders as new situations arise. While the German G.H.Q. remained in distant Luxemburg, out of touch and exercising only spasmodic control, Joffre kept close to the center of activity, moving his headquarters three times in the first eight weeks of the war. During the Battle of the Marne and for several days afterwards, he left his office only for meals and a daily walk, yet maintained direct command over "a deployment extending from Rouen to the Vosges."

The second volume of the memoirs, starting in 1915, introduces considerable material, some of which is new and interesting, about the first two years of stabilized trench warfare, but as a whole it is inevitably an anti-climax. Joffre does not fully meet the charges that he neglected to prepare Verdun adequately for defense. He states that he could not see why the Germans should pick such a place for such an attack. His imagination does not seem to have extended beyond the attrition policy through which he hoped to drain Germany's manpower sooner than that of the Allies. It was the reaction against that policy that drove both Joffre and the German chief-of-staff Falkenhayn from command after the terrific losses of 1916. Joffre reiterated that if the Somme action had been resumed in February, 1917, as he had planned, the Germans would probably have been thoroughly whipped before they could secure themselves behind the Hindenburg Line. The Somme, however, stood for slaughter and the weary French hoped for cheaper success under a new commander, so Joffre went into retirement at the end of 1916.

Joffre blames French politics for his downfall. He has much to say about that difficult and unsolved question of where the real supreme military authority should lie in a democracy at war. A commander-in-chief, of course, should have authority commensurate with his responsibility, but, at the same time, there must be means of determining whether or not he is worthy of that responsibility. It is small wonder that soldiers envy Gustavus Adolphus and Frederick the Great with their control over affairs civil as well as military. Joffre, intensely jealous of his prerogatives, was furious when deputies visited the front and talked with officers and men behind his back. He had aroused plenty of antagonism, for in the first five weeks of the war he had removed forty-nine out of 110 generals commanding divisions, corps, or even armies. Some of his subordinates, like Sarrail, had strong political support, and many were ready to punish both Joffre and his "pets." Perhaps the old feud between the graduates of St. Cyr and the École Polytechnique complicated matters. Joffre was particularly critical of the powers of the Minister of War. He preferred in that office the civilian Millerand to the three soldiers, Messimy, Gallieni, and Roques, who also held it during his terms of power.



A much discussed portrait, by E. W. Earle, of Jackson, of which the General himself said "A more correct likeness of myself than perhaps you have ever seen."

Old Hickory

(*Continued from first page*)

has given the story a vividness which Bassett, from lack of literary skill, was unable to achieve. The task was easier because vividness was implicit in Jackson's life from the first. It stood out in his boyhood experience as an orderly in the Revolution, in the law-student days when he was described as "the most roaring, rollicking, game-cocking, horse-racing, card-playing, mischievous fellow that ever lived in Salisbury," North Carolina, in his work as lawyer, prosecutor, and judge in Tennessee, in his duels, and speculations, and business ventures, in his fights with the Indians and his participation in intrigues against Spain in the Southwest, brilliantly in his defeat of the British at New Orleans, and in his high-handed conduct in the Florida raid.

Politically, his early life was less conspicuous. He made no special mark during his short periods of membership in the national House of Representatives and Senate. Talk of the presidency began in 1815 upon his return from New Orleans, but the Florida imbroglio presently absorbed him, and while the censure which the House of Representatives, under the lead of Clay and Crawford, passed upon his conduct in Florida was a personal triumph, it appeared at the time to have no very important bearing upon his political chances; and when he returned to the Hermitage in 1821, after a short and unwilling service as governor of Florida, it was to retire, as he supposed, from public life.

Through the lively narrative of these and other episodes Mr. James draws the thread of Jackson's relations with his wife. Rachel is pictured as burdened with the sense of social stigma derived from the ambiguous circumstances of her marriage and occasional reminders of it, and with the realization that she had married a great man in whose public life she could play no important part. She was devoted and capable, but a reading between the lines suggests that she was essentially of commoner clay than Jackson, and it is to be noted that Jackson did not take her to Philadelphia in 1796 when he went there as a member of the House. Later, when Jackson had become the hero of New Orleans, her simplicity and kindliness eventually won the Creole ladies who at first had "smiled behind their fans," but it was not until the wife of Edward Livingston had taken her in hand and surrounded her short, stout figure with "folds of goods and a corps of French needlewomen." Of Jackson's affection there was never a doubt, and for thirty years he was ready with pistols to defend her name.

Mr. James supplements his narrative with elaborate notes on the authorities, included in the number being a minute examination of the controversy over the Rhea letter which Jackson interpreted as giving Monroe's assent to his invasion of Florida. The inquiry, while inconclusive, does not leave Monroe in a very good light. Taking the text and the notes together, we have in Mr. James's book a quite exceptionally notable piece of definitive historical biography.

William McDonald, who is well known through his reviews to the readers of the Saturday Review, *and who is a historian and editor of note, is himself the author of a volume entitled "Jacksonian Democracy."*

A set of tinker's tools, said to have belonged to John Bunyan, are for sale. They all bear his name or initials.

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Presidential Policies

LOOKING FORWARD. By FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT. New York: The John Day Co. 1933.

Reviewed by ROYAL J. DAVIS

ODDLY enough, the one policy advocated by President Roosevelt in this collection of speeches and articles which, to some extent, was embodied in legislation between the time of his inauguration and the appearance of this volume is one of which he says little—the reduction of expenditure. That little, moreover, concerns economies to be effected by the reorganization of governmental departments and contains not the slightest hint of the chief cut which was actually made, that in veterans' pensions. Such are the paradoxes of politics. Another of the policies discussed had immediate Presidential recognition in the invitation to the Governors who were present at the inauguration to give the new President the opportunity of meeting them in a body. This invitation was in line with Mr. Roosevelt's declaration, made in his argument for State planning regarding the utilization of land: "The national government can and should act as a clearing house for all the Governors to work through."

Two other policies were the subjects of Presidential messages which were sent as soon as the banking crisis was out of the way—the restoration of agricultural prosperity and the relief of unemployment. The farm relief bill went through the House of Representatives in perfunctory fashion, but this speed meant that the real fight over the measure was staged for the Senate. The first unemployment relief bill dealt with the reforestation project which aroused sharp controversy during the campaign. Both of these policies are discussed in this book with greater definiteness than is accorded to some others. Farm relief in particular is considered in some detail, the plan outlined including a "tariff benefit" and a "differential benefit" of a kind which will not stimulate production. Unemployment relief is discussed in the main as a State rather than a Federal problem, old-age and unemployment insurance being favored, but treated as State undertakings.

Half a dozen other policies—all domestic—which receive space in this volume have had to await their turn for official recommendation from the White House. President Roosevelt has been compelled to adopt a priority program in order to prevent some of his policies from running afoul of others and entangling the whole lot. The six which have been held back relate to governmental reorganization, revision of taxation, control of electric utilities, railroad rehabilitation, tariff reduction, and financial reform.

What Mr. Roosevelt thinks of the importance of governmental reorganization may be judged from his statement that by it he hopes "to reduce the cost of the regular operations of the Federal Government by no less than twenty-five percent." Revision of taxation, in his view, means not only lower taxes but also a better adjustment of taxes between nation and State, and State and local units. Control of electric utilities is the subject of an eight-point program ranging from publicity to regulation. Railroad rehabilitation is conditioned upon governmental cooperation in reforming the financial structure of the roads and reducing competition among them. Tariff reduction is presented as having for its object the putting of the rates "as low as the preservation of American industry will permit," while financial reform, mentioned also in the inaugural address, is defined as including the separation of investment and commercial banking, the regulation of holding companies, and the prevention of the use of bank deposits for speculation.

Foreign policy, like these half dozen domestic policies, has had to wait upon more pressing matters. Yet it is with reference to this policy that there comes nearest to being a contradiction between pre-inauguration utterance and post-inauguration action. For the utterance bears heavily upon the duty of debt payment, while the action implies debt reduction by means of negotiations carried on by the President in accordance with the advice of Congress. On limitation of armaments, however, utterance and action are consistent, Norman Davis having been sent back to Europe to continue his efforts for that purpose. A third item is suggested in the statement that the United States "could well afford to take the lead" in calling a world financial conference.

It is a bit of historical irony that no one of the steps definitely sponsored by Mr. Roosevelt before his inauguration was the one which circumstances forced him to make his first recommendation to a Congress summoned in "extra" session. He had spoken of financial reform—he found himself faced with the necessity of temporary financial stoppage. But it cannot be doubted that piece by piece the dozen policies discussed in the chapters of this volume will be officially offered for translation into action.

America and the World

THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS. By WALTER LIPPMANN and WILLIAM O. SCROGGS. Vol. II. New York: Harper & Bros. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by S. K. RATCLIFFE.

WALTER LIPPMANN is an American institution of a character and range such as no other country could produce. In England at any rate we have not his like. No British publicist could make for himself a corresponding position. The smallness of our country, the dominance of the metropolitan press, and the control of the great circulations by half a dozen rich newspaper owners make for the journalist of fine powers (such, for example, as J. A. Spender, A. G. Gardiner, J. L. Garvin), ambitious of reaching a nation-wide audience in Britain, a situation altogether different from that which Mr. Lippmann, since the demise of the New York *World*, has so brilliantly exploited. With his *Herald Tribune* article appearing four times a week in more than a hundred papers throughout the country, he is the most influential journalist writing in English today, and this of course means the most influential journalist in the world.

Moreover, the resources of America enable Mr. Lippmann to transcend even the opportunities provided by his vast daily field. Through the Council of Foreign Relations he is afforded the means of making a permanent chronicle of the United States in world affairs. The assistance of expert juniors is at his disposal, and "thousands at his bidding speed." In the annual survey of which this summary of 1932 is the latest example we have an enterprise which is no doubt to be regarded as a public service outside the perils of publishing. It was needed, and the job is being beautifully done.

I am not the best possible reviewer for a record and interpretation of events and policies such as this, in which, by the bye, the work of Mr. Scroggs and Mr. Merz is not easily to be separated from that of Mr. Lippmann, whose directing brain and hand are everywhere in evidence. A strictly objective account of the American year in foreign affairs should, perhaps, be handled by a ferocious partisan—by, say, an evangelist of Fascism or of Communism, or some other writer convinced that there is no more validity or hope in the post-war European system, if system it can be called, than there was in the grotesque structure of imperial states which collapsed in 1917-18. I am no such partisan or doctrinaire. By temperament and training I belong to Mr. Lippmann's camp. In 1919-20 I was convinced that the European world was salvable; and when the supreme opportunities of that hour had been missed, there seemed to me good grounds for believing that the five years between 1924 and 1929 furnished a second great chance for making a settlement of tolerance, reason, and justice. That was the interval during which the spirit of Clemenceau was fading, when Stresemann and MacDonald appeared to be names of power. To me, as to all others of our way of thinking, this spring of 1933 is no season of cheer, since the governing mind of France is unaltered, Germany is over the abyss, and the England for which Arthur Henderson stood at Geneva, while Ramsay MacDonald was still unfettered, cannot speak through the mouth of Henderson's successor in any tones that the continental governments are compelled to heed. It is the crucial year of intervening crisis that Mr. Lippmann and his colleagues have condensed and brought into focus for us.

As we should expect they have not been bound by the strict limits of the calendar. Their starting-point is the second half of 1931, marked especially by the Hoover moratorium, the fall of the British Labor Government, the abandonment of the gold standard by London, and the beginning of the Japanese aggression in Manchuria at virtually the same moment. The European chapters seem to me not less valuable than those dealing specifically with American action and international policy. In no book that I know is there to be found a better

"CUT DOWN ON THOSE THINGS AND WE'LL TALK BUSINESS."
A cartoon by Rollin Kirby, published originally in the New York *World-Telegram*.

statement of the essentials of the war-debts problem, the motives and determining facts of British foreign policy since the retreat from gold and free trade, and the situation in Germany which preluded the coming of Hitler into office. For American readers, needless to say, the special value of the volume lies in the chapters expounding the significance of the Hoover moratorium and the Stimson doctrine of non-recognition of results obtained by the violation of pledges and treaties, the doctrine to which Mr. Stimson gave decisive form twelve months ago in relation to the Far East.

The authors bring out in the most definite fashion one other matter of the first importance: namely, that by the series of decisions and proposals from Washington after June, 1931, the American Government relinquished the view that the war debts owing to America could be kept separate from the problem of European indebtedness which has from the beginning been bedevilled by reparations. One's feeling now is that if Europe can work through the multiple crisis of the present year, it may hope to survive almost any possible experience. In any case, our citizens ought to know something of what it is all about, and here is the guide for them. The knowledge, the clarity, the balanced intelligence by which Mr. Lippmann is known and for which he is so deservedly admired were never more conspicuously displayed than in this volume. It is a model of what such a survey should be.

S. K. Ratcliffe, who was the representative in America of the Manchester Guardian *from* 1920-21, *and who is a frequent lecturer here, is one of the best known of British journalists.*

A People's Course

INDIVIDUALISM, AN AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE. By HORACE M. KALLEN. New York: Horace Liveright. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by GUSTAVUS MYERS

IN prescribing a people's course the sensible method is that of basing it upon clearly defined national traditions, characteristics, aspirations, and conditions. Obvious as this truth seems it has been widely overlooked by our social theorists. A realist, Mr. Kallen is one of the few writers to see its application. To him the right of individuality to self-fulfilment has been the impelling force in the historic development of American society. However obscured this force has appeared at times it has, he declares, ever been an underlying fundamental of American life. It is to this widespread sensing of the need of conserving individuality that Mr. Kallen ascribes resistance to movements seeking to engraft "isms."

Mr. Kallen does not confuse individuality with the slogan "rugged individualism." Industrialism, which has exploited this phrase, has, he says, depersonalized all human relations. It has reduced them to the formulæ of absentee ownership, calculating management, and profit-mongering.

This kind of individualism has nothing in common with the individualism that Mr. Kallen sees as an inherent influence and a main objective in American life. Perhaps individuality would be a more fitting word, for this is what he means when he credits the "typical American," born or naturalized, with a definite personality. The American cannot be decreed into a mould of life; he may be legislated into an undesired position in restraint of his ideas, habits, and propensities but he will manifest evasion or defiance. This reluctance to be coerced, Mr. Kallen says, is positive. Only so long as constituted authority does not try to compel acceptance of objectionable ways is respect given to official power.

Transplanted from Europe by German immigrants, socialism is viewed by Mr. Kallen as an assemblage of dogmas. It was foisted bodily here without any attempt to learn America's background or understand the psychology and temperament of its people. In its aim to liberate the worker from the wage system it uses various instrumentalities one of which is enlarging upon class consciousness as an opposition to the sense of personality. Progressivism is regarded by Mr. Kallen as an effort to bring socialism and populism in line with the actualities of American life by trying to achieve the immediate and feasible.

Communism is described by Mr. Kallen as a nullification of the individual; it discards him as an entity while at the same time absorbing him into a regimented mass. Where Communism pursues this policy from concern for the unprivileged, Fascism, Mr. Kallen says, uses much the same arbitrary method in behalf of the privileged; both ruling philosophies maintain that the governing power is sovereign, with the individual obliged to yield it all loyalty, obedience, and service. The only difference between the two is in communism ordaining that, in relation to the whole, all individuals are on the same footing.

These exotic systems, Mr. Kallen holds, cannot be made to harmonize with the virile American tradition of liberty and equality. He views socialist notions of economic classes and of the class struggle as a creed which inevitably will turn out to be inadequate. As for Communism and Fascism their scheme is one in which organization is all and the individual nothing. They require obedience in place of responsibility, and exact submission instead of allowing conscience. The established tradition of America calls for a different attitude. Here, says Mr. Kallen, the individual comes first; establishments of society are secondary.

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Brilliant Satire

COLD COMFORT FARM. By STELLA GIBBONS. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

VERY deep beneath the surface of English country life there lurks a strange, medieval creature—a creature whose existence has been rendered successively more precarious by the Reformation, the Industrial Revolution, the railway, and the radio. You might call him the peasant. Some trace of him can still be found in the ordinary English yokel, but only after a careful search and a long acquaintance; and since his grim appearance in Langland's verse, literature has not treated him very realistically. But suddenly—no more than a few years ago—pastoral fiction rediscovered him—an unwilling Caliban—into the light of day; pricked him until he roared in the purest Doric; and set him to playing antics which, though they may have gratified readers of "The Golden Bough" and students of primitive Greek drama, struck the uninstructed reader as being a little far fetched.

At first it was rather exciting—after all, it is the business of fiction to see other people as they do not see themselves: but in the course of time we began to wish for a more familiar England, where milkmaids were sometimes honest and not every ploughboy was a sexual hercules; where if you turned a stone you did not always start a witch; where madness, magic, and cruelty were more the exception than the rule.

It is against these pastoral excesses that Miss Gibbons does combat. Nor is this all. For her brilliant malice assails some of the devices which, in this imperfect world, even the best writers have been known to use. The Powyses, D. H. Lawrence, Hugh Walpole are not spared, nor Brontë biographers; and I think our author did not care for all those Emily Dickinson lives, which was very wrong of her. But let me say at once that "Cold Comfort Farm" is a masterpiece, the sort of thing which happens about once in ten years. It has the four ingredients of good satire—it is outrageously funny; it is angry; it is clever; and it is necessary.

It is the story of Flora Poste, a sensible and attractive young lady who, rendered penniless by her father's death, decides to live with her distant relatives, the Starkadders of Cold Comfort Farm, Howling, Sussex. Having read her current fiction, she is pretty sure that they are a doomed family on a decaying farm.

Nor is she wrong. Cold Comfort Farm is both doomed and decaying; the cows are barren there and the sows are farren; the King's Evil and the Queen's Bane blight its crops; and its numerous inhabitants—forced to stay there at the command of a Dominant Grandmother—spend a good deal of time pushing one another down the well. Under a dead sky, the house crouches like a beast about to spring; its fields are fanged with white flint; dog's body riots in its neglected garden. "Upidee, Travail! Ho, there, Arsenic! Jug-jug!" is the ploughman's cry, as he scranlets his furrows in the early morning: at evening there is a distinct suggestion of corpse lights and railway station waiting rooms about the lighted windows. . . .

Following a precedent set by Baedeker, Miss Gibbons stars her best passages, so that neither reader nor reviewer shall fail to realize when a piece of fine prose is toward. It was through such a night as this that Flora Poste drove to Cold Comfort Farm: ***—

> . . . The country for miles, under the blanket of the dark which brought no peace, was in its annual tortured ferment of spring growth; worm jarred with worm and seed with seed. Frond leapt on root and hare on hare. Beetle and finch-fly were not spared. The trout-sperm in the muddy hollow under Nettle Flitch weir were agitated, and well they might be. The long screams of the hunting owls tore across the night, scarlet lines on black. In the pauses, every ten minutes, they mated.

The Starkadders themselves are no less given to extremes. Old Aunt Ada Doom, the family tyrant, sits all day long in her bedroom—she saw something nasty in the woodshed when she was no bigger than a titty wren, and has been mad ever since. Amos preaches hell fire every Friday to the Quivering Brethren. Reuben has a bad case of earth-lust—(Q. What is earth-lust?) Seth is the primitive Male; his neck rises from his unbuttoned shirt "round and proud as the male organ of a flower." Elfine, the child of nature, roams the Downs by day dressed in the wrong shade of green, and seems doomed in middle age to go all arty-and-crafty at the feet and waist. And so on.

What the amiable Flora Poste does to this family, in the short space of four months, is best left to the reader—with this assurance, that the plot is ingenious and exciting (a rare event in satire), and that laughs come on the average of half a dozen to the page. Common sense, which we have so often sighed for in our reading of pastoral fiction, dispels the curse; by the end of the book Cold Comfort Farm is clean and shining, and all the Starkadders except Reuben have been persuaded to leave it for more useful occupations in the world outside. No longer are its cows barren; the morning porridge leers no longer in the kitchen snood; no longer are the pictures wreathed in sukebind—that distressing flower which works such havoc upon village females. All is peaceful. In the quiet evening old Adam wanders to his byre, singing a bawdy song which he learned for the marriage of George I.

And there is nothing more to say—except to beg the discerning reader to buy this book and keep it: we shall not see its like for many years to come.

ENGLISH FARM.
From "Artist's Country" (The Studio).

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

COLD COMFORT FARM. By STELLA GIBBONS. *Longmans, Green.*
A satire on English country life.

MARIE ANTOINETTE. By STEFAN ZWEIG. *Viking.*
A vivid and vivacious biography of the Queen and her period.

GIVE YOUR HEART TO THE HAWKS. By ROBINSON JEFFERS. *Liveright.*
A powerful and grim narrative poem and some shorter ones.

This Less Recent Book:

LETTERS FROM SPAIN. By KAREL CAPEK. *Putnam.*
A charming travel diary.

The Art of Thespis

ACTING. By RICHARD BOLESLAVSKY. New York: Theatre Arts Inc. 1933.

Reviewed by LORA BAXTER

IN a series of humane and humorous dialogues between himself and a mythical aspirant to the stage, Mr. Boleslavsky has written an expert analysis of the technique of acting which should interest the patron as well as the student of the theatre. Avoiding the ambiguities of generalization, he traces with admirable lucidity the slow but sure progress of his pupil, whom he calls "The Creature," an eighteen-year-old girl, with, at the outset, no more qualifications for her chosen profession than a mere blind love of it.

After having learned the six lessons contained in this book, the pupil emerges enviably enriched by Mr. Boleslavsky's store of knowledge; a competent and skilled performer. For the rest Mr. Boleslavsky will not vouch. In his own words

> Art cannot be taught. To possess an art means to possess talent. That is something one has or has not. You can develop it by hard work, but to create a talent is impossible.

Art cannot be taught; but technique can, as he demonstrates thoroughly and divertingly.

Concentration, memory of emotion, dramatic action, characterization, observation, and rhythm, comprise his pupil's education. A famous tragedian of the past generation once defined acting in the single word "concentration." This is fundamentally true, as none of the other qualities named above could be achieved without it, and Mr. Boleslavsky rightly impresses it upon his charge in the first lesson. "It's the actor's own fault," he warns her, "if he allows the public to interfere with his creation. If all actors possessed the concentration and knowledge of which I speak, this would never happen."

He prescribes an intensive course of self-training; gymnastics, fencing, breathing exercises, pantomime, and dancing, an hour and a half of which daily for two years will make the pupil "pleasing to look at." As for cultural education, he expects a thorough knowledge of dramatists who have made theatrical history, beside a clear idea of psychology, painting, sculpture, and the anatomy of the human body Fortified by these, The Creature pursues her career, returning to him periodically with specific problems, all of which are solved by the author with a felicitous blend of wit and erudition.

In the chapter entitled "Dramatic Action" Mr. Boleslavsky defends motion-picture acting against the onslaughts of the legitimate player. When The Creature complains that it is impossible for her to act "mechanically" when scenes are reduced to three or four speeches at a time, with no chronological sequence except by happy accident, her tutor upholds the artistic integrity of such a method, saying, "Your scene, or part, is a long string of beads, beads of action. You play with them as you play with a rosary. You can start anywhere, any time, and go as far as you wish if you have a good hold on the beads themselves."

Needless to say, this is an invaluable textbook for the actor, but the sympathetic layman, also, will be amazed by the revelation of study, application, imagination, and resource underlying the apparent spontaneity of a finished player. Mr. Boleslavsky has, for example, performed the miracle of defining that misunderstood term, "natural acting," which is not so much a gift as it is the result of mechanical and technical perfection. Young actors and devotees of the theatre alike err in persistent misquotation of Hamlet's address to the players, insisting that he tells them to "hold the mirror up to nature," omitting the very key to that cogent instruction: "to hold, *as 'twere*, the mirror up to nature." Mr. Boleslavsky's treatise, with its unmistakable emphasis on method, might well be entitled, "As 'Twere," since by practical instruction in technique he prepares the actress for that sublimation of her art, the ability to create the illusion of reality, rather than to imitate reality itself.

Lora Baxter, who has herself collaborated in the writing of and has directed a play, took one of the leading roles last year in the popular "The Animal Kingdom."

But You Can't

LOSE WITH A SMILE. By RING LARDNER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE best story that Ring Lardner ever wrote in letters between man and girl was "Some Like Them Cold." But the present one, "Lose with a Smile," has all the Lardnerian virtues. It is about a baseball player named Danny—until he got himself called Rudy (Rudy Valet) for his "grooning." It is also about his girl, Jessie, in Centralia, Ill. Danny (Rudy) trains at Clearwater (Clearwater fla) for the Brooklyn Club. And in fla, incidentally, he meets a girl, the telephone girl at the hotel, Vivian Duane, who complicates things. There is also a lot about baseball in Danny's letters to Jessie. So if you don't care about baseball you should sign off right now. Baseball, as you know, is Lardner's long suit.

This romance, told in letters, reveals two simple and bucolic souls. Danny is true to Jessie, but he manages to get into jams. He has only occasional doubts about himself. His correspondence is full of his wide-eyed innocence, and of his ambition. When he decides to become a song-writer his achievements are phenomenal. The song "Life is just a game of base ball" is a gem, but it is almost topped by his second or Dad song. We cannot resist quoting that one:

My dad I love him.
My mom she loves him.
My sister Edna she loves him my dad.
He is a wonder
Will live to be a hundred
And never made a blunder my dad.
When I was a lad
If I act it bad mom would scold me.
Then I would go to him
And on his lower limbs he would hold me.
Theys no one greater
Then my old pater.
He is my alma mater my pop.

"Alma mater and pater," explains Danny, "are greek and means the same thing."

Jessie's own account of the "holycaust" in Centralia, Ill., however, almost measures up to this, if prose can ever be said quite to equal poetry.

This "busher" is one of Lardner's inimitable creations. There used to be a man named Witwer also writing short stories about baseball; but in his palmiest days he could never equal Lardner. This latest opus in the Ring cycle is almost all pure comedy. It is not one of the Master's more saturnine efforts—which, as you know, put him way up in G as one of the greatest ironic writers in these states.

But buy "Lose with a Smile," and you *can't* lose.

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Portrait of a Queen

MARIE ANTOINETTE. The Portrait of an Average Woman. By Stefan Zweig. New York: The Viking Press. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by Meade Minnigerode

IF you think that Marie Antoinette provides the "portrait of an average woman"; if you believe that "the noblest, the most spiritual embodiments of the revolution" were Robespierre, Camille Desmoulins, and Saint Just—Robespierre the megalomaniac, inferiority avenging itself on a whole people for its psychological hurts and deficiencies; Saint Just the scapegrace, thief, seducer, pornographer, and exhibitionist; poor simple Camille, who died for having turned against them, shoved in between that pair—if you still are under the delusion that the revolution which Robespierre and Saint Just so nobly and spiritually embodied had any kinship, other than opportunistic, with the real revolution which preceded it; if you have not yet heard that the revolution of Robespierre and Saint Just was the last thing in the world which the French people wanted, and that it was utterly repudiated by them at *Thermidor* and nullified after *Brumaire;* if you have not ascertained that the revolution of the *Commune* was itself a revolution against the genuine revolution, that it was not an uprising of the people against tyranny but a descent of the rabble upon wealth and property, that the majority of its victims were not aristocrats and courtiers but were drawn from the professions and from the well-to-do middle classes; if, moreover, it is advisable that any biography should be written by an author who fundamentally despises the subject of his biography; if omniscience, unsupported by corroborating evidence, is the mouthpiece of truth; if the gossip that suits you is quotable, while that which interferes with your thesis is forgery and fabrication; if gratuitous sarcasm, deliberate sophistry, and undocumented innuendo are profitable methods of exposition; if it strengthens the denial of already long discredited slanders carefully to pick up the dry mud of their forgotten filth and fling it all over again—we are not referring to the Hébert accusation, discussion of which cannot be avoided—if it then saves the day for justice and sympathy to stand, inescapably, in the presence of certain sublime moments which posterity has long since enshrined, and ornament them with the benediction of your approbation; then this is a great book, while at the same time, incontestably—perhaps unfortunately, since it all makes for verisimilitude—a vigorous, dramatic, engrossing piece of writing.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.
By Elisabeth Vigée le Brun.

Certain details stand out. For the first time, perhaps, in a serious recital of those days, the official death of Marie Antoinette's second son, the last Dauphin, is not taken on faith, but is on the contrary questioned, which is a refreshing step forward. In like manner, the machinations of Marie Antoinette's brother-in-law, Louis XVIII to be, with regard to his nephew, are more than hinted at. With a mass of material available, the flight to Varennes is reported with numerous inaccuracies, and in the effort to criticize the arrangements and the progress of that tragic enterprise, and to make the King and Queen, and M. de Fersen, appear ridiculous, the whole sonorous *motif* of desperate courage and fortitude is overlaid with little exclamations of scorn and denigration. The last interview of the royal family with the King is reduced to a tête-à-tête between husband and wife, the journal of their daughter who was also present with her brother being totally disregarded—"cannot be relied upon," in another connection.

Much is made of the fact that M. de Fersen must have been in every sense the Queen's lover. The author asserts that he was thus the Queen's lover, and that the Queen had so informed the King—but when it comes to proof the assertion rests only on the author's interpretation of certain letters and on his "probablys" and "must have beens." Let us hope that they are justified. It would be a pity for those two if it had not been so. But the author is deplorable when he takes M. de Fersen's "remained there"—meaning in the Queen's rooms at the Tuileries where he was hidden on the occasion of his last incredibly perilous visit—and on the strength of those words promptly puts M. de Fersen in the Queen's bed.

And much is made, with clinical gusto, of the fact that for the first seven years the wife of Louis XVI remained, unavoidably, a virgin. Some twenty years ago, Mr. Belloc had also made it clear. It was the cause, no doubt, of much of her nervous behavior, and furnished the origin for many of the grave indictments which must be brought against her. But what is not made much of is Marie Antoinette's Austrian childhood and upbringing, equally responsible for her later reactions; and the indictment which is not drawn up is that of Maria Theresa—Empress of Austria and paragon of all the virtues and wisdoms—who, for ambitious diplomatic reasons did not hesitate, in fact was eager, to send her uneducated and totally unprepared fifteen year old daughter into the exacting glory of queenship at Versailles, and then spent the rest of her life playing the critical schoolmistress to the adult shortcomings of a child whom the mother had not had time to educate and to develop.

MARIE ANTOINETTE IN THE CONCIERGERIE.
From a painting by Jean Louis Prieur.

And a final paradox. Was it the purpose of this "portrait of an average woman" to have Marie Antoinette emerge from it more exceptional, more remarkable—for good and for evil—than ever before? At all events, she can still rest in peace.

Meade Minnegerode is a man of letters who has written much on the highly controversial questions still raised by the causes of the French Revolution and the motives of those who furthered it. His most recent book is "The Magnificent Comedy," a study of the period of the Directoire.

"Too Much of an At?"

THE LIFE OF GEORGE ELIOT. By Emilie and George Romieu. Translated from the French by Brian W. Downs. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1932. $3.15.

Reviewed by Amabel Williams Ellis

"THERE M'm!" said Martha Pink, housemaid to my Mother in the late 'nineties, as she proudly held out her latest confection. "You *can't* put too much on an 'at, can you!"

Hats are like that no longer. There is nothing lush, nothing tropical about the modern hat. But the trails of artificial flowers, the bows, the fruit, the padded ribbon, still exist, we still use them. What do we do with them? We no longer cram them onto the outsides of our hats but into the insides of our biographies. "You can't put too much in a biography!" In go all the bright scraps, and the silken snippets that happen to be lying about.

> In her girlhood, sentimental friends called her Clematis, which in the language of flowers means "moral beauty." But the travelers joy which fades away when it has no support symbolizes weakness even better. . . . Left to its own resourses it droops and dies before coming to flower. It must have a shrub against which to lean its languid grace. . . .
>
> An idyllic sky, bespangled with stars. The seagull, carried along by its pointed wing, glides softly over a slumbering sea. Far away, darts of fire pierce the horizon like rents in the dark drapery of the clouds. A murmur rises from the wave, a prayer, and to the harp strings of the tackling the wind chants its soft threnody. Like a benediction the romantic night enfolds the two lovers on their flight. . . .

To begin with, can you really say "On their flight"? Again, there probably is no such noun as "tackling," or if there is it doesn't mean rigging. . . . That may be the translator's fault, but anyhow who, gentle reader, do you suppose that all this is about? Why, George Eliot! And the worst of it is that this Life is not altogether a bad biography either. It tells you something about her, overdramatic as it is; overemphatic as it is, it does show George Eliot as a human being and not as a governess forever on duty.

This is indeed the sort of book that makes the critic doubly angry with a falsity in fashion. If there was a good tradition of modern biography, M. and Mme. Romieu would no doubt have written an agreeable book. As it is, they have written one which, while not wholly ridiculous, yet constantly causes any reader, not wholly naive, to laugh in the wrong place. The conversations that no one can have heard, the descriptions of weather or state of mind which the reader therefore distrusts, the superlatives, the dramatic seconds, there is not a bow or a feather left.

It takes of course a little skill to produce a biography that houses its subject properly. It takes skill to cook fried chicken or to sail a boat. And all these things can be done. I am in favor, in short, of skill in writers of biography! What is hard is that the fount and origin of all these luscious productions—my late cousin Lytton Strachey—if he did embellish his historical coat of arms with a few of these fancy flourishes, wore them with a difference. His "Queen Victoria" is of course not the only admirable modern biography, but let us for the moment continue to use it as an example, and see if we can discover an answer to the question which any adverse criticism of any type of book is bound to raise in the mind of the critic, and which it should perhaps also raise in that of the reader. The question is this, "If this book is wrong, or certain features in it are wrong, what ought such a book to be like, and what functions ought it to fulfiil?"

It would probably be true to say that most people who enjoy biography are also people who are interested in their contemporaries. They are to a greater or lesser extent amateur psychologists, and to them biography has the same interest that history has for the statesman. Reading, let us say, Miss Colbourne Maine's admirable "Life of Lady Byron" they are able to compare or contrast the personages of the past drama and their behavior with the living persons who surround them. The more exalted by genius or situation the subject of the biography may be, the more does he or she serve them as a magnified specimen—a sort of raised map of a human being with the vertical scale heightened and deepened. Miss Colbourne *Maine found Lady Byron* Cardboard and left her flesh and blood. Lytton Strachey in writing his "Victoria" also performed exactly this function.

Only the man or woman who has never described a picnic or drawn a map or a landscape will fail to see that in order to perform this feat he was obliged to use the utmost skill, to exaggerate here, to suppress there; to be ruthless in omission, and tyranical in statement; that now he must have staggered under loads of conflicting evidence, now stood undecided, wondering how to state as a neat point a conviction that had seeped and crept in upon him in the course of many hours of reading. But he did subdue his material, he did bring Victoria back into the world of living men and women, and because she was now once more extremely significant, because she now helped to exemplify and thus to explain the real world, we ceased to hate her.

That is the double function of biography. To make the great comprehensible, to relate them to the real world, and in so relating them to make us feel for them if not love, at least gratitude, to feel at one with them not because they now look exactly like the man opposite in the subway, but because, while resembling, they have transcended him. We don't want the biographer to show us an inglorious Milton or a petty Hampden, we want to see the man who might have been our neighbor, the man that our neighbor just missed being. That is the point which the luscious, trimming, biographer manages to miss. M. and Mme. Romieu have, they say, in writing this life of George Eliot chronicled "the pulsings of her heart, the throbbings of her thought, and the vibrations of her soul." To some extent they have performed the task which the reader supposes these words are meant to convey. But what they have failed to do is to convince the reader that George Eliot was a great, or even an exceedingly good, novelist. There is no analysis or description or exemplification of her style of her construction. There is much overripe praise of her novels, and a word or two as to which parts of them are autobiographical, and that is all. Yet overtrimmed as it is, overweighted with sentiment, here and there the book comes to life, it is at least not perfunctory or condescending, and most readers will at least pay it the compliment of laying it down with a sense of exasperation and not of boredom.

Protest

(*By an out-moded Liberal*)

THE Knout is too much with us: for example,
Hitler is not the man I'd choose to run
His sheepish country—if we must have one
Dictator, isn't Mussolini ample?
Or if we have to bear one other sample,
Won't Stalin do? I'd rather far have none;
But, since the Norns a darker web have spun,
Upon the corpse of Liberty they trample
These Saviors of their people! Who shall save,
When they have "saved" us all, the only things
On this disastrous planet worth the saving?
Thought, that in freedom only spreads its wings,
Courage—to call each charlatan a knave,
And life's proud right to go on misbehaving!

Lee Wilson Dodd.

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THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER

Sex Education

THE HOW AND WHY OF LIFE. By EMMA WHEAT GILLMORE. New York: Horace Liveright. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH, M.D.

IF you know your biology you will read this book with wondering respect; wonder, that it has been possible to boil down such a vast amount of scientific material to so compact a residue—respect, that in the process there is no hint of the common dishonesty of "popular" presentation.

If biology is a closed book to you, you may be deceived by its seeming simplicity. For Dr. Gillmore has treated the wide range of her subject with an artful ingenuousness which gives no hint to the unknowing of the years of study demanded of her before she was satisfied that she had selected precisely those facts best fitted to illustrate her story. And how extraordinarily well she has chosen!

Written in the form of a dialogue—sufficiently broken up by the story setting to avoid monotony — between a likable Everyboy, Bob, and his physician father, its aim is to correlate and complete the scattering bits of information about the origin of life and the relation of the sexes picked up by the average child by the time he has reached the early teens. It is frank, free from sentimentality—the two rarest of all qualities in books of like ambition—untechnical, and scientifically honest. The illustrations are adequate, those by the twelve-year old Michael Smith delightfully spirited. Surely there is something of Thurber in the Dressed Fowl on page 74.

And yet with not a single flaw to pick, and despite the evidence of English Michael Smith's astonishing zeal (he gave up his summer vacation for the fun of the illustrating), I remain a little skeptical as to its power to accomplish for the average American child what its author (and all of us in fact) supremely desire—namely the shifting of the child's natural interest in sex from the subjective to the objective sphere.

The normal child's interest in sex is personal, sporadic, and usually fleeting. By the time he has entered his teens he has managed to learn somehow the answer to the main questions which have nagged him. Enlightened parents and educators, alive at last to the fact that in the *somehow* lies the danger—that damage may result from both his unrequited curiosity and his distortion of facts, have been eager for some years to provide for him that sense of the universality of biological laws which would seem to be the best solvent of his conflicts. From this honest desire arose the more or less feverish dissertations on pollen-carrying bees and birds' eggs which a decade or so ago harassed the lives of parents and children alike, and which have afforded so much opportunity for ribald and probably justifiable lampooning. Countless children must have felt with Bob that "All this stuff doesn't register in one place." And here is where Dr. Gillmore enters.

Dr. Gillmore stoops to no suggestive rationalization. For her biological laws need no apology. She says in effect: Here is an exciting region of facts—facts of the How and Why of Life. You need not peek through the keyhole. With me you may enter boldly and unashamed. And starting with Bob's mother's twins, she proceeds through the mouthpiece of his father to open up before the boy's eager mind the world of monkeys, horses, dogs, even worms and insects, their remote past furnishing the romantic background for her story. At the end of less than two hundred pages, Bob, having learned a surprising amount about evolution, the laws of heredity, the natural order behind all mating, is led to a wholly logical, yet sufficiently idealistic conception of his moral and spiritual responsibilities. Which is all very much to the good.

That there are boys and girls who will gladly accept the author's invitation I hope to believe. That they will be the ones who need it least, those whose fathers are most like Bob's, I actively fear. The blame, if blame there be, rests not with Dr. Gillmore, but with the boys and girls themselves, or rather with our pre-teen training.

I admit to a fear that youth's protest against informative books, admired and so hopefully offered by their elders, together with the fact that so few beyond the early grades have been led to any lively interest in the unhuman drama, may perforce limit its audience among the young. My hope is that it will come to the hands of countless parents and teachers, who will find in it not only a suggestive guide, but useful and interesting information.

When all is said and done, such sex education as is necessary for a child's freedom of spirits should come quite casually and by word of mouth from a sensible, understanding grown-up. Beyond this the wider the child's horizon can be extended, through correlated knowledge of the life about him, the greater his chances for a happy, conflict-free life. One feels assured that Bob's conversation with his father will contribute far more to his future marital happiness than all the Freud and Jung he may read when he goes up to the university. One ponders wistfully that there should be so few fathers like Bob's. It is with the hope that these may increase in numbers that I urge Dr. Gillmore's book to the serious attention of all parents.

CHILDREN AND THEIR GOVERNESS—A WATERCOLOR.
From "American Folk Art" (Norton).

The Juvenile Drama

PENNY PLAIN, TWOPENCE COLOURED. By A. E. WILSON. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1933.

ONE of the fascinations of our youth was a toy theatre, wherein, we remember, were cardboard puppets representing the characters in that famous Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "The Mikado." They were stiff and glazed and were operated by vertical wires fastened in their backs. Then there was a friend of ours who possessed a proper grooved stage across which his toy figures staggered twitched by strings. He had that famous old toy theatre play, "The Miller and His Men," and gorgeous sheets of scenery color-printed in Germany. A few years ago we found for our own children such a toy theatre as is described in the enchanting book before us, imported by the Bookshop for Girls and Boys in Boston.

Mr. Wilson has undertaken to write the first really comprehensive history of the toy theatre in England, though he disclaims any comprehensiveness for it. His elaborated sketch of the juvenile drama bears a foreword by the famous English producer, Charles B. Cochran, and is embellished with eighty-three illustrations, many in color. Here are Webb's scenes from "The Miller and His Men." Here is the story of the principal shops that furnished the toy theatres and their paraphernalia, H. J. Webb's own shop in Old Street, and the magical abodes of Pollock and Skelt. There is a whole appendix of the publishers of toy theatre prints. There is the narrative of Robert Louis Stevenson's famous quarrel with Webb, Stevenson who of all writers vividly appreciated the toy theatre, a fact of which we are so forcibly reminded in his well known essay. Here is a representation of the characteristic cardboard thespian, right leg well outstretched, left leg bent, brilliant costume and ready knife and horse-pistol! One lingers over Pollock's orchestra strip, the stirring tableaux, the dance of the fairies, "Sir Lilliput Cardboard with Drawn Sword," West's characters, Green's early sheet, the fact that William Blake no less was one of the toy theatre's early designers. One revels in the feats of Aladdin and of Timour the Tartar!

As is pointed out in this large-paged volume of so many delights, it was the preparation for the toy theatre performance that was the chief joy of the young operative. Toy theatre figures are so divinely static in attitude that one cannot possibly imbue them with the liveliness of marionettes. Threads stick in the slots or tin stands turn over. The acting is stiff and wobbly in the extreme. But the anticipation of the great event is what makes the imagination of childhood pyrotechnical!

Perhaps the children of today have more or less eschewed the toy theatre. If so, it seems a pity. Toy theatres can still be procured. Ingenuity can do a great deal with them. We have always wished we could look upon the toy theatre that Gilbert K. Chesterton is rumored to have built for himself and to operate, doubtless, with the most startling effects. In our old age, which approaches, we think we shall retire and do nothing but play with a toy theatre. We can then, at last, indulge in the fun of playwriting, without any of the grief, and become a producer at very little expense. Even if we have no audience it will not much matter!

The Oxford University Press has in preparation a volume containing, so far as it is known to exist, the complete correspondence between Swift and his close friend Charles Ford, edited by Professor D. Nichol Smith. There are fifty-one of these letters from Swift, ranging in date from 1708 to 1737. Most of them have remained in private hands since Ford's death, and all but one are now published for the first time. The volume will contain, in addition, letters to Ford from Gay, Pope, and Bolingbroke, and poems from Swift's holograph of Ford's transcript containing some important variants.

In Labrador

TRUE NORTH. By ELLIOTT MERRICK. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by DAINES BARRINGTON

THIS is a well written book, the narrative of the unpretentious journey of Mr. and Mrs. Merrick over the trap lines with Labrador trappers who were none too anxious to have the responsibility for amateurs.

It is not an adventure story in the sense that it has an escape from death per chapter. It is, instead, the impression that an "outside" man gets of the people and the country. The physical record is there, but it is spiced with the author's own observations, some of them delightfully apt.

Mr. Merrick shows the trappers (mostly Eskimo-Scotch) to be gluttons for work, shrewd in their own field, hospitable, decidedly respectful toward God and their own superstitions generally. They are able to tell by the prints of snow shoes which man has preceded them, but the story of the Russian Revolution is too unreal for their comprehension. They believe in heaven because "the Bible says you shouldn't work on Sunday and that's true, so heaven must be a real place." Their ideas of Sabbath work are nicely gauged. They may, for instance, shoot an animal in a trap, but they may not take it out. They spin yarns about what has happened to men who dared defy this Biblical edict. There is a certain flexibility, too. Some skin and scrape furs on Sundays, while others spoil their luck that way. To dream of polar bears means impending danger—which makes them more alert and, sure enough, something always happens that, without the warning of the dream, would have meant disaster.

"True North" is a useful book. Not since Stefansson's "The Friendly Arctic" have we read anything that so combines an interesting narrative with a practical handbook. The author himself probably did not regard his volume in the latter light, for he provides no index, but his day-by-day experiences and routine were so new to him that he set them all down. We learn, when he himself happened to discover it, what sleeping equipment is best, what food is easiest to prepare and most sustaining, what to use on sled runners to make the hauling lighter, what fancy "sportman's accessories" can cause trouble, and so on.

Mr. Merrick has read the books of previous travelers and residents—Lowe, McLean, Wallace, Hubbard, Bryant, Cabot. Strangely he fails to mention the great Labrador classic, Cartwright, and, tantalizingly, not a word of Grenfell beyond the bare statement that his wife was a Grenfell nurse and that both of them had worked at the Mission for two years. Is it because the International Grenfell Association, to his mind, is vulgarizing a primitive land and people that are primarily his escape from urban noise and pretension?

Their reading and apprenticeship with the trappers saved the Merricks from the incredibly unnecessary Labrador hardships of Leonidas Hubbard and Dillon Wallace. Their winter journey of 600 miles was in consequence hard without hardships. They liked the life because they were fitted for it, as Hubbard and Wallace were not, by reading, experience, and temperament.

The London *Observer*, says apropos of a special page published by the *Nottingham Journal*, "to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the day on which a certain J. M. Barrie joined its staff: It was not always so proud of him: it is on record that the foreman printer openly described his articles as tripe. The young man from Thrums had contracted to write twelve columns a week—five leaders, a column of gossip, and book reviews, all of which was carefully measured with a tape, to ensure that he was earning his salary of £3 a week. He left, like Oliver, because he asked for more. It was a useful experience, but he cannot have enjoyed writing leaders about Bradlaugh and General Gordon."

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Biography

DISCOVERY. Being the Second Book of an Autobiography. By JOHN DRINKWATER. Houghton Mifflin. 1933. $3.

The volume covers the fourteen years of Mr. Drinkwater's career from sixteen to thirty, and the four chief interests of it are symbolized on the cover pages by four designs indicating business, sport, poetry, and drama. For ten years he was an insurance clerk in Nottingham, Birmingham, and Manchester. In the first five years there was no suggestion of poetry or drama or anything except more or less successful drudgery, and some football and cricket. He was competent at both business and sport, but these were years that he regrets not having spent at a university. At twenty-one he suddenly discovered that the attempt to compose poetry gave him an extraordinary emotional experience. He discovered poetry as suddenly as Henry Adams, at about the same age in Berlin, "suddenly discovered that he was following a symphony of Beethoven" and that it meant something. In each young man "the new sense burst like a flower and bewildered him as he watched it," this subterranean cache of inflammable esthetic blazing up in a moment. Up to that moment Mr. Drinkwater had not even read any poetry to speak of, and the verse he wrote for some years he thinks had no other value than the experience it gave him. During the five years following he also met with the drama by way of amateur theatricals. "A more commonplace existence than mine between the ages of sixteen and twenty-six could not be devised." At twenty-seven he was feeling that what he had done meant nothing to him, but he had become vaguely aware of faculties and hopes.

His father was an actor, only moderately successful, and had planted him in insurance in order to insure his separation from the precarious life of the theatre. But in Birmingham he fell in with Barry Jackson, whose enthusiasm for the stage was liberally backed by a very wealthy father. Out of this combination developed a non-professional company, the Pilgrim Players, and eventually the Birmingham Repertory Theatre. Insurance was abandoned. The remaining three years of the fourteen were rich in experience and satisfaction. He wrote and published poetry and won recognition; became General Manager of the Repertory Theatre, and began "forming friendships with many men who were becoming leaders of my generation." The Repertory Theatre was built in 1912 and the opening night was February 15th, 1913.

Fiction

THE MEMOIRS OF SATAN. By WILLIAM GERHARDI and BRIAN LUNN. Doubleday, Doran. 1933. $2.50.

This is a laborious burlesque outline of history, supposedly written by Satan. Satan begins with his earliest recollections, in heaven, when he is not sure whether or not he is one of the sons of God, and he is sometimes conscious of a vague discontent, because God is often cold to him; that is all that is made of the opportunity of the revolt among the angels. God gives Satan the earth to manage, even before life appears on it, and Satan (who is by the way complete from the first with hooves), becomes the ancestor of the human race several times over, for by yielding to the seductions of a she-ape he ensures that race the primacy in evolution; later it is he who is the father of Cain, and at the time of the Flood he renews the human race again. As time goes on he learns to possess humans, and thus inhabits Nero, Sir Tristram, and many other figures of history and romance. The book follows down the course of history, making heavy-handed alterations in the accepted version.

It is impossible to describe it except in a series of negatives. It is not in the least philosophic, as Anatole France's similar books are; its only pretension to philosophy is in its suggestion, which belongs back in the days of Robert Ingersoll, that the Biblical patriarchs did not always behave well. It is not witty. It is not good slap-stick farce; and, though it seems to try hard enough, it is not even very dirty. The pleasantest part of it is the close, which announces the death of Satan; so we shall have no further memoirs, at least. *"Courage, tout le monde!"* as the soldier says in "The Cloister and the Hearth," *"le diable est mort!"*

MISS DELICIA. By MARY JOHNSTON. Little, Brown. 1933. $2.50.

The story is told of Miss Delicia Allen, who was born in 1834 on the Indian Leap plantation in Tidewater, Virginia, how she grew to womanhood amid her family and her family's friends; how she went to England and there met Clement Aylmer the poet, and knew love for a few days before they parted forever, for Clement was already married; how Delicia returned to a South on the verge of war and emerged from it a woman with the potentialities for another love, as deep as the one that had escaped her.

That is the story and it should provide food for unfruitful speculation, for the reader will find it difficult to understand how an author could so completely have failed to breathe life into her characters; how, despite an occasionally graceful style and urbane intellect she could have set down a series of scenes that seem to have taken place in a vacuum—despite the possibilities for the exposition of human character in love, in war, in life and death. The gentlewomen of this book, and there are many of them, move through the pages, or rather stand inert upon each page, like plates from *Godey's Lady's Book*, for it is impossible to credit them with flesh and blood. The gentlemen speak

(*Continued on next page*)

*Herbert Gorman in the *N. Y. Times* on

Mabel Dodge Luhan's

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Foreign Literature

Hauptmann at Seventy

DAS DRAMATISCHE WERK. By Gerhart Hauptmann. Berlin: S. Fischer. 2 vols.

GESPRÄCHE MIT GERHART HAUPTMANN. By JOSEPH CHAPIRO. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1932.

NEUE RUNDSCHAU. Hauptmann number. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1932.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

ON November 15th Hauptmann celebrated his seventieth birthday. The occasion was marked, both inside and outside Germany, by meetings and lectures, and in honor of the occasion a special two-volume edition of his plays, complete, down to the latest, "Vor Sonnenuntergang," which was reviewed here on September 24th last, has been published. If the official participation in the German celebrations was rather less spontaneous and enthusiastic than on the occasion of his jubilee ten years ago, this must be ascribed to the changed political and social conditions. In certain of his writings, in his early plays, in his epical satire "Till Eulenspiegel" which was published four or five years ago, Hauptmann has not concealed his antipathy to extreme nationalism and what he would call "reaction." Hence, it may be, a certain coolness, and, at the other extreme, the recent celebrations have been marked by the Communists with denunciations of the dramatist's alleged betrayal of the workers. No doubt all this, both coolness and denunciation, leave Hauptmann unmoved; he can at least rest assured that by all serious students of modern German literature, both in Germany and abroad, he is regarded as the most important dramatist of his generation, with a worldwide reputation which only Bernard Shaw could challenge.

Although, as has just been mentioned, it is Hauptmann's dramatic work that has recently been reissued as part of the celebrations, it is not only—even if it is chiefly—by his plays that his name will live. Since the war he has published six plays—all of which have been duly reviewed in the columns of this *Review*—but he has also published three novels, two long poems, and two short stories, as well as the long work in scarcely-concealed autobiographical form, his "Buch der Leidenschaft." To the careful reader who troubles to make the necessary comparisons, most of Gerhart Hauptmann's work, even the dramatic, is highly self-revealing. He built up his plays on scenes he knew intimately, on characters with whom he was associated in real life, and the philosophy he put into his characters' mouths is often quite clearly a reflection of his own beliefs. But in the prose works the connection between life and art is even more evident. His two exquisite short stories, "Die Spitzhacke" and "Die Hochzeit auf Buchenhorst," for example, are quite obviously derived from real incidents of his childhood and early manhood, and friendly reviewers in Germany, well acquainted with Hauptmann, were not slow to supply the requisite annotation. But of direct and avowed self-revelation there has been comparatively little. Hauptmann may well have spoken frequently behind the mask, but he has rarely discarded the mask, and given publicity to his course of life and his opinions or beliefs. This has been particularly so during the past ten years, and it is accordingly of exceptional interest at the moment to read such a book as Joseph Chapiro's "Gespräche mit Hauptmann." Here is the record of a series of conversations conducted with the dramatist over the past ten years and now published with his express approval. Herr Chapiro is no Eckermann, and some of his chapters are slight and hardly superior to an afternoon's effort by a newspaper interviewer. But others do go into deep questions of personal belief and manner of life, and they alone would make the book indispensable to any future biographer.

Hauptmann confesses to a dislike of systematic philosophy; one of his favorite writers is Pascal, whom he greatly prefers to Kant or Leibnitz or Spinoza, partly because of the *ad hoc* nature of his reflections, as one might say, because he expressed his beliefs in a short, clear form and did not formulate a ponderous system. Certainly there is no regular philosophy to be deduced from these "Conversations." Hauptmann reveals himself as an artist, deeply imbued with a sense of the value of the plastic. We are reminded that he was, and is still, passionately devoted to the sculptor's art, and he remarks that he has always tried to build up each of his characters as an individual; he has no *Massenvorstellung* of mankind. He is thus remote—although he does not actually say so—from the proletarian art which was so much in vogue in his country soon after the war. He is also quite clearly, if not an anti-intellectualist, then at least a man who relies greatly on intuition and impression, and deliberately rejects the intellect as a preponderating factor in his work. Readers of "Hannele"—to mention only one, and that an early, work—have no need to be reminded that, although Hauptmann made his reputation first as an unflinching realist, there has always been a marked vein of mysticism in his writing. This finds ample confirmation in the confessions which Herr Chapiro has elicited. At various times during these conversations Hauptmann has spoken of himself as a fatalist, as an agnostic, as a man for whom the supreme question is Montaigne's "Que sais-je?" But he has no less insistently explained that he is an optimist, a believer in a better future for mankind, and a firm upholder of the doctrine of a future life. The way in which he explains this confidence is one of the longest and most interesting chapters in the book.

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

A RENAISSANCE POEM

LAST year a thin book in paper covers was published by The Little Bookshop at Lynchburg, Virginia. Its title is, *The Renaissance: A Poem.* Its author is Abe Craddock Edmunds, a poet who should now be better known. By "Renaissance" he means the Italian Renaissance—and, indeed, when we think of it, what was the soul of the Renaissance but Italy? The span of time he covers is from 1480 to 1554, and his poem consists of several parts, these in turn being divided up into sketches of various persons and dramatic scenes. He begins with a soliloquy by one who, prior to the voyages of Columbus, held that the earth was round. The next sketch is a study in *nepotismo* in a letter of a Cardinal to his natural son. Then comes the first of a series of soliloquys by Michelangelo which throw sidelights on the progress of his life of toil in the service of art. Part Two of the book begins with a dramatic sketch of the execution of Savonorola in Florence. It is followed by a soliloquy of Machiavelli and another by Michelangelo. Part Three opens with one of the best of the soliloquies, that of Leonardo da Vinci. Next, cast in dramatic form, comes a carnival at Rome (the most wholly original of Mr. Edmunds's sketches). This section ends with another of Michelangelo's musings. The fourth part contains observations by Benvenuto Cellini, by a dying Humanist, and finally by Michelangelo in St. Peter's. The medium throughout is blank verse.

On the technical side Mr. Edmunds's handling of blank verse is only fair to middling. But he conveys the atmosphere of the Renaissance and understands both its glory and its grime. I wonder if he is familiar with Gobineau's almost miraculous brief sketches of the Renaissance, in dramatic form? For one thing, he has probably read Merejkovski's "Life of Leonardo da Vinci." He shows truly a number of facets of the many-faceted personality that was Michelangelo, and stresses properly his prepossessions as a sculptor. He commits small errors in the speech of his people. The locution "for to" is not in keeping. A priest is made to say, "Leave him be!" In general the English is pretty much Wardour Street. Also "condottierre" is not spelt with one "t." To balance these minor defects, his characters have actual voices. His small book shows promise. He has done an ambitious thing.

ROY CAMPBELL'S SISTER

Another paper-bound book of verses that came to us last year was printed by Robinson & Co. of Durban, and is distributed in this city by Messrs. Baker & Taylor, 55 Fifth Avenue. It is simply entitled *Africa,* and its author is Ethel Campbell, a sister of Roy Campbell, the distinguished South African poet. His sister's work is not in the same category with that of one of our greatest younger poets, but her use of native terms and some of her nature description are interesting. Here, instead of the eternal English skylark and nightingale, we have references to bluejays and lories and emerald-cuckoos. Rather than English rustics we have Zulus at wayside kraals. Miss Campbell's versification is derivative, her phraseology often stilted and sometimes pretty bad. Perhaps the most original poem is that on a Scotch piper, "far from his native Highland hills," wandering a mountain in Natal:

The stubby veld beneath his tread
Is heather in a Rosshire glen.
The leafy glue-gum overhead
Is birch above a but-and-ben.

The Inhluzan looms close through haze—
To him Ben Nevis towers at hand;
The Drakensberg, to his spelled gaze,
Seems but the Grampians of his land.

Which serves to remind us that though you may be able to transplant Campbells in African soil, you can never make them forget their native heath!

COLOR OF THE SOUTHWEST

A Macmillan poet is Phillips Kloss, whose *Arid* we should have reviewed ere this. He is a young American who writes chiefly of the Southwest. His book is divided interestingly into three sections entitled separately "The Impact," "The Natural Aspect," and "The Symbol." We find ourselves immediately in the presence of one with a fine faculty for fresh and individual description of a terrain meticulously observed. Take one of the first poems, "Living Color":

Suddenly cool has the evening begun,
The desert takes life from the death of the sun;
Night-hawks drum on the tight-thonged wind,
Vultures are gone and the clouds are thinned;
Prairie dogs stand erect by their holes
Like solemn little totem poles.
The bare earth is brilliant, the sagebrush no duller,
Light is not light but a living color,
Color that runs to a canyon's brim
And gasping there then plunges in
To drown in a violet depth or swim
From butte to butte with its orange fin.

Or allow me to quote this from the long poem, "An Hour on a Rock,"

The orange-crowned warbler
Breathlessly trills, and leaves soothingly tinkle.
Hidden in a yellow pine, the hermit thrush
Penetrates the tragic sense, ethereal with tears.

Expressive language! The pueblo Indians, fiestas and horse-races, the story of the cheating of old Martinez the rancher, narratives and portraits of persons, are all handled by Mr. Kloss with the same direct and honest vigor. He deeply understands the people with whom he has cast in his lot, even as he has learned to know every characteristic of their background. In proof of this I quote "In Symmetry Unfinished," from the third and last section of his book:

Fearing life will stop, the Navajo
Never quite completes a work of art.
The pattern of a blanket which they start
Must be slightly open for the flow
Of spirit that may enter and may go
As vitally and constant as a heart.
The Hopi potters draw designs a part
Of life, unclosed, unended, free to grow.
And who but fears the sealed-in absolute?
Fears to shut oneself within a line
That cannot open out among the stars?
Completion is so final and so mute,
Without the surge and soul of a design
In symmetry unfinished.

Mr. Kloss speaks with his own voice, and if often he writes but patterned prose, at least he communicates directly and leads one to an intimate understanding of the arid America he loves. That is a good deal, maugre the true rhythmic compulsion so few modern poets possess.

AN ENGLISH POET

Changing Horizons, poems by Geoffrey Johnson, is published by the C. W. Daniel Company of 46 Bernard Street, W.C.1, London, England. Traditional though it may be, there is some attractive work in this volume. One doubly regrets the bad phrasing encountered here and there, when one finds such significant description as

The Frisian cattle, black and white or both,
Gathered on high embankments of the Fen,
Waiting the cryings of the droving men;
In softness, fine as silks of far Cathay,
In strength, like Colchian bulls on fire were they.
They stood, as if some mighty hand antique
After the long defeated years and bleak
At last had flung to outlive centuries
His carven bulls, lifting their challenges
From arching necks and haunches iron-thewed
Across a vast Egyptian solitude.

The common labors of rural England, the seasonal changes of the countryside, the indwelling of the past, are sung with grace by this poet, who also possesses a love for legendry. 'Stage-Coach Weather" is wholly delightful. The poet listens by *The Tongs and Anvil,* in a turnpike village, and almost believes that

the long blowing of a horn will shatter
At last the brittle air, and men be seen
Cravated, in great coats of bottle-green,
Busy through neighings and arrested clatter,

Handing folk down to parlour and to sherries;
In muff and bonnet, dark delicious girls
Nid-nodding, frost on lace and ringlet curls,
Will step down dreamily as frost-nipped cherries.

The New Books

(Continued from preceding page)

the authentic tongue of a byegone period, but it all sounds curiously like a parody. Miss Delicia Allen, with every opportunity to live and breathe, seems untouched by the tragedy of unfulfilled love the author ascribes to her; yet we know the color of her eyes and hair, the cut and pattern and the color of her gown. The entire novel is suffused with an air of unreality that would be difficult to duplicate no matter how consciously one strove to achieve it, and progresses through three hundred and seven pages of stilted, sickly, yet somehow diverting whimsicality.

Miscellaneous

NUMEROLOGY. By E. T. Bell. Century. 1933. $2.

This is an amusing book about a singularly persistent folly. It derives in part from De Morgan's unique "Budget of Paradoxes" and like that immortal work, though more slightly, it will provide useful instruction to intelligent readers.

PROHIBITING POVERTY. By Prestonia Mann Martin. Winter Park, Florida: The Rollins Press. 1932.

It seems a little odd that Mrs. Martin's plan hasn't stirred up more general discussion in times like these. Possibly it was blanketed by Technocracy, which got into the papers at just about the same time that this booklet, the proposals of which seem to have been made originally in lectures at Rollins College, was published.

Disturbed, as everyone is, by the spectacle of want in the midst of material plenty, by people starving in one quarter while they are burning wheat or letting fruit rot on the ground in another, Mrs. Martin proposes that common necessities be distinguished from luxuries and something like communism be applied to the first while individualism and capitalism are left free to exert themselves with the second.

To attain this end, she would mobilize the nation's young people between the ages of eighteen and twenty-six into a national work-army to "produce under scientific direction a sufficiency of the necessary goods and services to constitute a decent livelihood and to distribute these goods and services without buying or selling them, to the entire population."

The members of the work-army, having served their term, would receive a discharge receipt which would entitle them to subsistence, similarly supplied, for the rest of their lives. They could then devote themselves to higher education, to research, to art, or even to making money in the "luxury" trades or manufactures. The eight-year term is arrived at after consultation with economists who believe, after due investigation, that such a work-period would be sufficient.

The scheme, if practicable, would do away with unemployment and so-called over-production in the field of necessities, for all increase in production or the invention of new machinery would only decrease the length of the time needed to produce the necessities commonly distributed. Numerous objections—to most of which Mrs. Martin has at least her own answers—will promptly be made, but the fact remains that in her separation of necessities and luxuries and the application of communism to the one and individualism to the other, she has hit on a notion which, for purposes of amateur discussion at any rate, seems to skim some of the cream from Communism without losing the more significant advantages of the old order.

ART

Thomas Eakins: His Life and Work. L. Goodrich. Studio. $10. *A History of Spanish Painting.* C. R. Post. Vol. IV. Parts I and II. Harv. Univ. Pr. $15 a set.

BELLES LETTRES

Edmund Spenser. B. E. C. Davis Camb. Univ. Pr. (Macmil.). $3. *Special Delivery.* B. Cabell. McBr. $2.50 net. *The Land of Promise.* E. Fleg. Macau. $2.

BIOGRAPHY

Lessons of a Lifetime. Lord Baden-Powell. Holt. $2.85. *William of Orange.* G. J. Renier. Appl. $2. *Intimate Memories.* Background. M. D. Leehan. Harc., Br. $3. *The Tragedy of Tolstoy.* Countess A. Tolstoy. Yale Univ. Pr. $3. *Thomas Lodge and Other Elizabethans.* C. J. Sisson, M. Eccles, and D. Jones. Harv. Univ. Pr. $5. *James Boswell.* C. E. Vullianny. Scrib. $2.75. *Franklin D. Roosevelt's Colonial Ancestors.* A. P. Johnson. Loth., Lee, & Shap. $2.50. *The Lost Leader.* H. T'A. Fausset. Harc., Br. $3. *Andrew Jackson.* M. James. Bobbs-Mer. $3.75. *The Great Romantic.* E. Barrington. Doub., Dor. $2.

Ferrucio Busoni. E. J. Dent. Ox. Univ. Pr. $5.75. *Walt Whitman and the Civil War.* C. I. Glicksberg. Univ. of Pa. Pr. $2.50. *Friends of Men.* C. F. Thwing. Macmil. $3. *Three Children at Home.* D. G. M. Davison. Oxford: Blackwell. *Under the Fifth Rib.* C. E. M. Joad. Dut. $3.75.

DRAMA

Acting. R. Boleslavsky. Theatre Arts. $1.50.

HISTORY

Italy and the Italians in Washington's Time. R. G. Garlich, Jr., A. F. Guidi, G. Prezzolini, B. Roselli, and L. Russo, Italian Publishers, 135 Bleecker St., N. Y. C. *The American Scene.* E. C. Hill. Whitmark. *The March of Democracy.* Vol. II. J. T. Adams. Scrib. $3.50. *The Evolution of Modern Europe.* Sir J. A. R. Marriott. Put. $4.

JUVENILE

The Boy Builder. E. T. Hamilton. Harc., Br. $2.

MISCELLANEOUS

Elephant. D. Blunt. Hough. Mif. $4. *Citizens Organizations and the Civic Training of Youth.* B. L. Pierce. Scrib. $2. *Balanced Employment.* L. S. Chadwick. Macmil. $2. *Laura Was My Camel.* A. Weigall. Stok. $1.25. *Foreign Affairs Bibliography.* W. L. Langer and H. F. Armstrong. Harp. $5. *Measurement and Guidance of College Students.* Will. & Wilk. *How to Enjoy Music.* E. Peyser. Put. $1.50. *Fakers.* M. Chideckel. Stratf. $2. *Little Napoleons and Dummy Directors.* M. R. Werner. Harp. $1.75. *Gardening with Herbs for Flavor and Fragrance.* H. M. Fox. Macmil. $3.50. *The Economic Consequences of Power Production.* F. Henderson. Day. $1.75. *Who's This?* F. P. Foster II. Cent. *Money Power and Human Life.* F. Henderson. Day. $1.75. *Buzzards, Peacocks and Nightingales.* H. R. Fitch. Put. $2.50. *Peace Patrol.* Lt.-Col. S. Roddie. Put. $3.50. *Elizabethan Love Conventions.* L. E. Pearson. Univ. of Calif. $1.75. *Happiness and Success.* S. Baldwin. Rev. 60 cents. *Preparation for Marriage.* E. K. M. Walker. Nort. $2. *Modern Composers.* G. Pannain. Dut. $3.50. *A Manual of Cataloguing and Indexing.* J. H. Quinn and H. W. Acomb. Scrib. $3.

PAMPHLETS

War Debts. H. D. Gideonse. Univ. of Chic.

PHILOSOPHY

What Plato Said. P. Shorey. Univ. of Chic. $5.

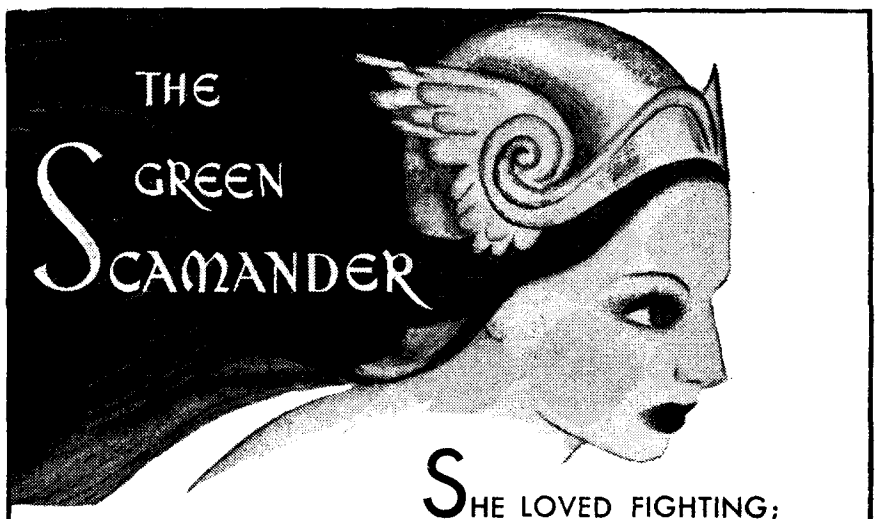
POETRY

The Poet's Log. M. DeGraff. Meador. *Ships and Lovers.* T. C. Chubb. Boni. $1.75. *High Perils.* C. Y. Rice. Put. $2.

RELIGION

Preaching Values in the Old Testament. H. E. Lucock. Abing. $2. *The Way.* W. P. Merrill. Macmil. $2.25.

(Continued on page 520)



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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

K. P. R., *Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.*, suggests to the group working for mountaineers and reading aloud, "The Road to Wildcat," by Eleanor Risley (Little, Brown), a delightful account of a summer spent tramping through the mountains of Alabama, with sketches of the people told with pathos and humor; she says it is particularly well adapted to reading aloud. In this connection I may add that "Hollow Folk," by Mandel Sherman and Thomas R. Henry (Crowell), may not be the most cheerful reading in the world, but it is certainly likely to stimulate interest in working for its people. These are men, women, and children in lost corners of the Blue Ridge, pockets of old time where civilization is as nearly stagnant as it can be and go on at all—and the locality is "within a hundred miles of the National Capital." The chapter on music has some interesting notes on passing dialect. *Speaking of backwoods, H. S., New York*, says that one principal source was omitted in the reply to an inquirer about Simon Girty. It is "History of The Girtys," by C. W. Butterfield, published by R. Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, 1890. I believe this is the most exhaustive work on the Girty brothers that has been produced. It occurred to me that you might wish to pass this additional reference along to the inquirer. Naturally you can't quote all the available sources, but to my notion nobody who misses Butterfield's terribly dull written history really gets acquainted with the renegades."

R. D., *La Canada, California, asks if anything is known of the actual Grecian Urn to which Keats addressed his beautiful Ode; had it an existence, and if so where and when, or was it "of imagination all compact"?* The most reasonable reply seems to me to be that of Amy Lowell in her "John Keats" (Houghton Mifflin): "The first thing to be noted about the 'Grecian Urn' is that the inspiration for it came from the Elgin Marbles, from that part of the frieze of the Parthenon which shows the cattle being brought to the sacrifice." After explaining why—besides the ugly sound—the title could not be with any precision "Ode on the Elgin Marbles," Miss Lowell goes on to say that he had spent two years intermittently gazing at them, and had pored over volumes of drawings from the antique at Haydyn's studio . . . "and he had done all this with an attention and imagination ever on the alert. How keen was his interest in these things may be seen by the fact that a tracing from a plate of the so-called Sosibos vase, made by him, was discovered in the Dilke Collection."

T. L., *West Branch, Mich.*, tells the inquirer about gardening books that the U. S. Department of Agriculture has a large number of helpful bulletins which apply to this problem and are free; write to your congressman for a list. Most state agricultural colleges have extensive bulletins of their own that apply specifically to conditions in that state. "Tell the inquirer to use his county agricultural agent, who is usually full of practical information and information too," says T. L., adding that it may come as a surprise to hear someone say a good word for the Government.

M. V. N. S., Mantoloking, N. J., suggests to the inquirer after "jolly, cheerful novels," one very old one, J. Storer Clouston's "The Lunatic at Large" and one more recent, "Dudley and Gilderoy," by Algernon Blackwood. "This was recommended to me by Mrs. Frederick Gore King, assistant librarian of the New York Society Library and one of the most discerning persons, bookishly and otherwise, that I know. She said Miss Cather relished it, also."

Lewis E. Brett, Assistant Professor of Romance Languages, Williams College, Mass., noticed the call for information about the use made in literature of the story of Tamar as told in Samuel. "I am happy," he says, "to be able to mention a powerful dramatic treatment of this theme by one of the greatest of Spanish dramatists of the Golden Age. This author is Tirso de Molina (Gabriel Tellez), and his drama is called 'La Venganza de Tamar,' and may be found in one of the volumes of the Biblioteca de Autores Españoles.

We may be at last upon the trail of the elusive poem by the Irish bard, asked for by *W. W., University of Missouri*, in which Raftery "jumped into the middle of youth again." *D. C. H., Princeton, N. J.*, says: "I think perhaps I can help, even though I am a little late in answering. In Raftery's poem, 'His Praise of the Little Hill and the Plains of Mayo,' there is a sentence. 'And if I were standing in the middle of my people, age would go from me and I would be young again,' which, I think, may be what W. W. wants. Raftery has been describing, very beautifully, the village of his boyhood, and this is his concluding sentence. The translation I have used is by Lady Gregory, and appears in her 'Kiltartan Poetry Book' (The Knickerbocker Press, N. Y. C.) The whole poem, which is really most lyrical prose, is almost Biblical in the simplicity and force of its expressions, and reminded me of portions of Isaiah. Will you please suggest to W. W. that he or she read the introduction to the book just mentioned, as well as Raftery's other poems which appear in it; and also read 'Poets and Dreamers,' translated from the Irish by Lady Gregory. There is a great deal that is interesting in that about Raftery and his songs. Raftery was a peasant poet, blind and a fiddler, who travelled about Ireland, rhyming and singing for the people. His poems have been collected, translated, and edited by Dr. Douglas Hyde, but unfortunately I cannot find that particular book in our University Library here. Perhaps W. W. can get it and check up and see if there is anything more nearly like than what I have found! I should be interested to know. I am particularly interested in all things Irish, and it was a pleasure to look this up."

A. E. B., Menlo Park, Cal.:—I have been having such a good time with you this afternoon, while the boys are taking their final examinations and the library is quiet, that I must just write a "Thank You." This is what I have been doing. We do not keep the whole file of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, as our space is limited, so when I went through the file for last year, taking out this and that, I saved every one of your "Reader's Guides." They have been lying all the fall back of my desk, waiting for this first quiet afternoon. Now I am going through each one, cutting out the articles that will be useful for reference in this school library, making a reference file, by subject and then alphabetically. It is going to be marvellous! When Jack, who is taking Far East History, wants to know something "not too hard" to read on oriental philosophy, I shall turn to my little file, find the slip *Philosophy: oriental* and tell him, "Why, Jack, we have all these books of Mukerji's, and 'Lives of a Bengal Lancer' too, and they will give you just what you want." And here is this delightful list of doctors in fiction just waiting for that boy who always comes in with his hair sticking straight up; he plans to be a doctor and is always reading about them and their doings. Here is a lovely list of ghost stories, for some of my little boys who adore them. And decorative maps—only the other day we were hunting up old maps for history lessons. And a pamphlet on spelling for college students—we are not too proud to buy that, for there is that bright boy who says "Gee, Miss Brown, when it comes to writing I've got plenty to say, only thing is I never could spell." And a long list on knights and their doings, so useful in high school history as well as literature, and so many more! I am cutting out the replies and clipping them on slips (to be pasted later) and labelling each slip as I go along, so the file is in the making as I work.

I have seen a file like this in Detroit, taking up the better part of one side of a room, and I have lately heard of one in Philadelphia. They tell me there are many others. But one came back to me the other day under unusual circumstances. "At intervals," said *M. W., Toronto*, "I have cut out from the 'Reader's Guide' paragraphs which seemed to me specially beautiful and wise, so that some day I might send them to you, showing you how attentively I follow your words and adventures. Thank you for all your work, but regard these with joy in your heart." With this was enclosed a packet of clippings; they came, as the reader had meant, just in time. It is quite impossible to be alone, even in a house grown strangely quiet, when one is thus reminded of ties unrealized.

Points of View

Mr. Sinclair's Attitude

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR: I note in your issue of March 11th Mr. Edward Kennedy's review of "Upton Sinclair Presents William Fox." Your critic says: "Mr. Sinclair can discuss his subject only in terms of assumption, aspersion, insinuation, and libel." The first three of these portentous terms are matters of opinion, but the fourth is a matter of fact, and can be determined by law. All those persons who take offense at what is in the Fox book have their legal redress, and if they agree with Mr. Kennedy, let them hasten to avail themselves of the opportunity to defend their good names. I have been prepared for this for more than thirty years of my career as a "muckraker," and it is to be noted as a strange fact that not once in all these years has any victim of my charges ventured so much as to file a libel suit. That ought to count with your Mr. Kennedy.

The elder Pierpont Morgan is dead and can no longer avail himself of his legal rights; but I point out that the charges against him which Mr. Kennedy calls "reckless and gratuitous" are not made here by me for the first time. They were first made by me in print immediately after the panic of 1907, and they have since been many times repeated; but the elder Morgan left it for Mr. Kennedy to defend him after long years. The charges were made upon first-hand information, from financial men who had first-hand knowledge of the facts. They were made in detail in "The Brass Check" in 1919.

Also Mr. Kennedy is troubled because I have charged two different motives to the elder Morgan: first, the desire to take over three independent trust companies, and second, the desire to take over the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company. The elder Morgan acted from many motives in the course of his life, beginning when he sold worthless muskets to the Union army during the Civil War, and including the time when he brought the United States into the World War to protect his bonds. If you should examine all these different motives you would find that they all resolved themselves into one motive—the desire to acquire large sums of money.

As to what William Fox did or did not do to deserve Mr. Kennedy's aspersions, I leave the discussion of that subject to Mr. Fox. He came to me with a story which he desired to tell to the public, and I undertook to assist him, because I thought it was a story which the public would find useful and instructive. Besides the redress of the law courts, Mr. Fox's enemies have another one; they can get somebody to help them prepare another book. The more the merrier!

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Los Angeles.

"Presenting Mr. Fox"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR: As a subscriber and regular reader of the *Review*, I am much surprised at your laxity in permitting Mr. Edward Kennedy to enter your columns with his review of Upton Sinclair's "Upton Sinclair Presents William Fox" appearing in the issue of March 11, 1933, on page 475.

This review struck me as being ill-tempered, biased, uneven, and uninformative. After going through the book, I am confirmed in my first impression.

Why, may I ask, does a reviewer devote two paragraphs of a five paragraph review to attack an author merely because he used *obiter dictum* in the Prologue? Why does the reviewer use the remainder of the space in attacks upon the author and William Fox? William Fox never did profess to be anything but a shrewd, hard-headed business man.

It is said that Upton Sinclair received $10,000 for writing this book, but that is beside the point. It seems to me that Upton Sinclair accepted this task because of his fascination with both the subject and the subject matter. Imagine, motion pictures, one of the first ten ranking industries in this country, controlled until recently by men formerly in the cloak and suit industry, earning enormous profits; yet this industry is unstable financially, culturally, and artistically. Imagine further, one of these shrewd men in this industry forced to deal with our mammoth, upright, dignified members of the banking fraternity—and draw your own conclusions. The result is a great deal of fun.

The book is written in an ironical and humorous vein befitting the subject, the subject matter, and the remainder of the supporting cast, including all their doings. I would not by any stretch of the imagination call this book a defense of William Fox, for Upton Sinclair is not addicted to hero worship—with the possible exception of himself.

The book in spite of Mr. Kennedy is a social history of the *laissez faire* theory of let dog eat dog, which closed with the so-called "new economic era of 1929."

Upton Sinclair, according to Mr. Kennedy, is a poor advocate. While Upton Sinclair has irritated many people in his time, it is not because of being a poor advocate. On the contrary, it is because he is such a good propagandist.

Upton Sinclair is one of the most widely read writers in Europe, and after all these years deserves a better fate in his own country than reviews of the character of those of Mr. Kennedy.

Brooklyn, N. Y. IRA BOHRER.

Does Anyone Know?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR: Can anyone of your readers inform me of the present whereabouts of Mr. Reginald Birch's illustrations to "Master Skylark," published in *St. Nicholas* in 1896, and in the book in 1897? And can anyone, also, locate for me Mr. Clyde DeLand's illustrations to "Barnaby Lee," published with that story in *St. Nicholas* in 1900, and in the book in 1902?

During the course of a good many years I endeavored to learn from the Century Company what had become of these illustrations; but received no replies to my several queries. Either they did not know, or the matter was not of enough importance for a careful investigation. Owing to many changes in the firm, this might very well have been the case. Learning that a great many illustrations from *St. Nicholas*—the original drawings—had been consigned to Mr. Louis Holman's Print-Shop, in Boston, I made immediate query there; but none of these major illustrations were in Mr. Holman's possession.

A few weeks ago I wrote Mr. Curtice Hitchcock, present editorial head of the Century Company, and for the first time in his administration, asked after the above-mentioned drawings: whether they were still in existence; in the Company's possession; whether they had been destroyed; or returned to the illustrators who produced them; or how otherwise, and where, and when, they had passed from the Century Company's possession?

Mr. Hitchcock very promptly made enquiry, and replied that "upon investigation I find that all the material of this nature which we had on hand was disposed of a good many years ago. Unfortunately those members of the Century staff who attended to their disposition are no longer living; and we cannot say to whom the pictures may have been sold. A periodic cleaning-out of the material in our warehouse results in sales to various shops of whatever is on hand, and it would be difficult after these many years to trace such material."

Can anyone give me any further information as to the present whereabouts of the original drawings for these two books; or inform me if they are still in existence?

Mr. DeLand was generous enough to present to me one of his original drawings; and it has for years been a fancy of mine to secure one or more from each volume. Both sets of drawings were of much more than ordinary excellence; and, making no comparisons, Mr. Birch's drawings of the Elizabethan-Shakespearean period in England were brilliantly done, and peculiarly fitted to the story.

I shall be very greatly obliged for any information regarding the whereabouts of these illustrations; or for conclusive evidence of their destruction; for in that case I may give up my hope of recovering the examples so long wished for.

JOHN BENNETT.

Charleston, S. C.

P.S. If anyone, after the lapse of thirty-seven years, makes enquiries of the above sort in an American publishing house, it naturally trade-marks him an "oldtimer," and gives his script the air of Charles Kingsley's second stanza to "When All the World is Young." Being as yet neither "spent" nor "maimed," and my "wheels" still revolving actively, it is with genuine regret I read Mr. Hitchcock's "post-obit" of old friends. B.

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Household Words

OF praiseworthy Bartletts there have been many—Josiah, who was of the fifty-six who signed the Declaration of Independence; Washington Allen, who became first Nordic alcalde of San Francisco by virtue of his knowledge of Spanish; William Francis, Federal brigadier at twenty-three, thrice wounded in two separate engagements after losing a leg in an earlier; Joseph, who earned his way out of debtors' prison by writing a play; John Russell, bibliographer and pre-Menckenian lexicographer of the American language; John Sherrin, British naval surgeon who was captured by the Yankees in 1812 and won his war single-handed by courting, during his detention, and subsequently marrying, a lady of Boston; Ichabod, "the Randolph of the North"; Paul Wayland, sculptor; Samuel Colcord, president of Dartmouth; Enoch, who named a pear, and John, who ran a bookshop, fished for (and caught) trout, played a rattling game of whist, and named a book.

The book was called, is still called, "Familiar Quotations," but in its original edition it was so denominated only on the shelfback. The title-page read: "A / Collection / of / Familiar Quotations, / With/ Complete Indices of Authors and / Subjects. / (rule) / Cambridge: / John Bartlett. / 1855." The title page, it will be noted, lacked that perfect quotation (from Montaigne) to describe a book of quotations which came to grace later editions: "I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own." The collation follows: Pp. viii+296, consisting of p. (i), title as above; p. (ii), copyright (dated 1855) and imprint; p. (iii), Preface (verso blank); pp. (v), vi, vii, Index of Authors; p. (viii), Errata; pp. (1)-258, text; pp. (259)-295, Index; p. (296), blank. The page measured 6¾ by 4⅛ inches (all edges trimmed), almost the exact page size of Everyman's Library, and the width across covers, seven-eighths of an inch, also approximated the average Everyman thickness. The shelfback, as noted, bore only the words "Familiar / Quotations," upper and lower case letters, in gilt with a gilt ornament (resembling somewhat the insignium of the yet unborn League of American Wheelmen) below and gilt decorative strips at top and bottom; the front and back covers were decorated identically in blind. I have seen bindings in two kinds of cloth, brown-black diaper and light-blue bold ribbed, to employ the standard Winterbottom classifications as given by John Carter in "Binding Variants in English Publishing 1820-1900." It is not unlikely that half a dozen other types and shades of cloth were used, but it is highly unlikely that this variety has any significance in the determination of priority. In each of the copies examined the end leaves are lemon yellow. One copy (brown-black cloth) bears the owner's name and date "June 21/55" on the flyleaf and was clearly acquired close to issue date, for *Norton's Literary Gazette* for June 15th (New Series, Vol. II, No. XII, p. 260) lists the book among those published "since June 1, 1855," and adds the essential fact that it retailed at seventy-five cents. A brief notice appeared in the succeeding (July 2d) issue of the *Gazette*.

The errata—only two were noted—had to do with misreadings of that peculiarly unfortunate sort which fail to betray obvious distortions of sense—which rather, with what must be an inspired malevolence, make the palpable over into the plausible. Thus, from "Hamlet" (IV, 5), in the lines

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions,

"sorrows" was rendered "horrors," as if to indicate that King Claudius, in addition to his other difficulties, was enjoying delirium tremens. And in the first stanza of Coleridge's "Love" (is there any other love lyric baldly called "Love"?),

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame,

"feed" became "feel," turning the transitive into the intransitive, the objective into the subjective, the outside in. But at least one error of greater egregiousness was overlooked in preparing the errata. In the lines from Longfellow's "Resignation,"

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there,

a triumph of obfuscation was achieved in printing "dear" for "dead."

There were not quite two pages of citations from Longfellow (whose "Hiawatha" was five months away), a page from Holmes (whose "Autocrat" was three years away), half a page from Lowell, a page and a half from Bryant, two lines (which anyone is permitted to guess) from Francis Scott Key, and three words —"the Almighty Dollar"—from Washington Irving. Emerson was not represented, though he had already extolled the prowess of the embattled farmers at Concord Bridge and sung "Good by, proud world! I'm going home," which so many thousands of eventual readers (of that line only) would hail as a triumphant presage of immortality, whereas the author meant merely that he was about to commute from his brother's school for young ladies in Boston, where Waldo was teaching, to Sylvan Roxbury—and Cabot's memoir of Emerson indicates that certain Bostonians were a little miffed at the lyric snub. Walt Whitman, though he would have been eminently willing had he heard about the project, was not included, and for the best reason in the world—he was getting in the way of the Rome brothers at their printing shop at Cranberry and Fulton Streets in Brooklyn, where, despite this handicap, they were trying to decipher the scrawled manuscript of "Leaves of Grass" at the moment John Bartlett's little manual was issuing from the press.

J. T. W.

In April of 1932 The Limited Editions Club of New York announced a new competition for artists interested in the illustration of books. An award of $2,500 was advertised as the prize to be given to the person submitting the best set of illustrations for a book; the announcement contained a list of thirty classics suggested as books for illustration. No constraining conditions were made, the hope of the Limited Editions Club being that, given a completely free hand, the competing artists might submit work of greater value in the world of books.

The contest was ended on January 15, 1933. At that time, three hundred and eleven sets of illustrations had been received. They came from all over the world, one from China, fourteen from Russia, twenty from Germany, only three from England, eleven from France and scattering sets from Czechoslovakia, Italy, Holland, Rumania, Canada. All conceivable techniques were used: pen drawings, pencil drawings, wood blocks, etchings, lithographs, water-colors, and oil paintings.

The judges were Carl Purington Rollins, Printer to Yale University; Frederic Warde, typographer at The Printing House of William Edwin Rudge; and George Macy, director of The Limited Editions Club. They found five sets of illustrations which they deemed worthy of a prize, and six which they deemed nearly worthy. As a result, The Limited Editions Club decided to extend its offer, and to make, not one award, but five cash awards totalling $7,000. These are as follows: First Prize, to N. F. Lapshin of Mossow, U. S. S. R., $2,500 for his water-color brush drawings to illustrate "The Travels of Marco Polo." Second Prize, to T. M. Cleland of Danbury, U. S .A., $1,500 for his quill drawings to illustrate "Tristram Shandy." Third Prize, to Richard Floethe of New York, U. S. A., $1,000 for his colored pen drawings to illustrate "Tyl Ulenspiegl." Fourth Prize, to René Ben Sussan of Paris, France, $1,000 for his colored etchings to illustrate "The School for Scandal." Fifth Prize, to Sylvain Sauvage of Paris, France, $1,000 for his water-color drawings to illustrate "La Rotisserie de la Reine Pedauque."

Children's Bookshop

A VISIT, no matter how friendly, to the uncivilized jibaros, the tribe of head-shrinkers who reside east of the Andes in Ecuador, is adventure, and of the first rate, hardy brand. Dr. Isadore Lhevinne tells a vivid story for 'teen age readers in "The Enchanted Jungle" (Coward-McCann: $2.50), the account of a perilous journey to make such a call. The exciting experiences, although told in the third person as belonging to young William Perry, a composer in search of primitive music, are actually the author's own. A wise narrator, Dr. Lhevinne keeps to the fore the "human element" side replete with humor and understanding. The native characters who aid the expedition, one a resourceful twelve-year-old orphan, are very real persons, quite as colorful and unusual as the country and peoples encountered on the trip. Photographs illustrate this exceptionally interesting book.

On the beaten track of fiction for boys there are two new contributions by popular writers: "Barton Runs the Mile," by Ralph Henry Barbour (Appleton: $2), and "The Gallant Crosby," by William Heyliger (Appleton: $2), the latter about a baseball hero, and both the competent, familiar type of school-sport stories.

"The Boy Builder," by Edwin T. Hamilton (Harcourt, Brace: $2), should be a "find" for any manually minded boy or girl. The material is practical and intelligently presented. There are instructions and diagrams to cover over a hundred articles to be made with wood, as well as a description of tools needed, paints, varnishes, and stains, how to apply them, how to select wood, etc.

"The Young Stamp Collector's Own Book," by Ellis Parker Butler (Bobbs-Merrill: $2.75), is a guide book by an enthusiast. Mr. Butler has been collecti fifty-four years. He explains to eigh year-old novices how to begin the po ular hobby and to the more sophisticat devotee how to build a collection effe tively. Two alphabetically arranged sections in the back of the book, Where It is and What It Means, are keys to countries stamps represent and to the words and other designations appearing on stamps—a section which would have solved many a mystery had it been available years ago for this ertswhile collector.

At the opening of the Exhibition of Design in Modern Book Making at the Junior League, 221 East 71st Street, on Monday, April 17th, at 4 o'clock, Philip Hofer, Curator of the Spenser Collection of the New York Public Library, will speak on "Illustration."

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

ROBERT M. McBRIDE and Company has been publishing two books made up of casual evaluations. One is *Branch Cabell's* replies to a variety of correspondents, the other *Cosmo Hamilton's* fifteen minute radio-talks on famous literary persons, done up into a volume called "People Worth Talking About." An urbane book, and if it does not add much that is new to one's knowledge of such a figure as, say, *Swinburne*, there is pleasing anecdote—sprung of personal acquaintance—concerning *Kipling, Chesterton, Wodehouse, Sir Philip Gibbs* and *A. Hamilton Gibbs* (Cosmo Hamilton's two brothers,) and the Americans, *Rex Beach* and *Sinclair Lewis*. The book is illustrated by caricatures of a number of the persons treated, by *Conrado Massaguer*. Massaguer's pencil is not always as successful as one would like it to be—but at the end of the book he does a very good likeness of Mr. Hamilton, to which Mr. Hamilton retorts with a delightful and entirely professional sketch of the artist. We did not know that draughtsmanship was another gift of Mr. Hamilton's. . . .

A tiny paper book, "First Editions," comes to us from *Walter Klinefelter*, Glen Rock, Pennsylvania. It consists of witty verses about books, collectors, readers, and writers, by *Richard R. Kirk*, printed by *Edmund B. Thompson* in an edition of 220 copies. The first twenty, of which sixteen are for sale at $3, are bound in boards and signed by the author. Copies such as ours cost a buck. Several of the poems first appeared in the *Step Ladder*. The one we like best runs

> *God's little epigrams, the Bees,*
> *Are pointed and impartial.*
> *Could Martial rival one of these?*
> *No, not even Martial.*

On the twelfth of April there will be another of those highly fantastic *Thorne Smith* novels, "Rain in the Doorway." *Herbert Roese* has, as usual, illustrated this book which is, as usual, published by Doubleday, Doran. Needless to say, ladies with hardly any regard for clothes at all cavort through it. It is a heady satire without inhibitions. . . .

Farrar & Rinehart have published the best werewolf story we have ever read in "The Werewolf of Paris" by *Guy Endore*. We agree with *Alexander Woollcott's* endorsement of it, providing you don't mind supping on horrors. We also agree with him that it reads like a translation. And yet we understand it isn't. . . .

The best dollar's worth in many a long day is the latest of the Modern Library "Giants," being "The Complete Novels of *Jane Austen.*" We regard this as a truly great feat of publishing. . . .

Horace Liveright supplies us with "The Book of Christian Classics," edited by *Michael Williams*, which is a comprehensive anthology of the devotional literature of Christianity. The material is drawn from *St. Augustine, Tertullian, St. Teresa, Dante, Thomas à Kempis, Pascal, Lancelot Andrews, Jeremy Taylor, Newman, Patmore, Donne, Crashaw, Herbert, Francis Thompson,* and others. *Michael Williams* is editor of the Catholic weekly, *The Commonweal*. . . .

The Odes of *Pindar* have been rendered into English verse by *Alexander Falconer Murison*, and come to us from Longmans, Green and Company. The same author rendered *Horace* and also *Virgil's* Bucolics and Georgics. We shall proceed to acquaint ourselves with Pindar, who, so far, has been beyond our scope. . . .

If you have not seen "Run, Children, Run" at the Lyric Theatre, New York, be advised, and go. The revival in the last act is one of the great stage scenes of recent dramatic history. A negro wrote the play, negroes play it, and sing and dance it, and how they sing and dance it! The plot is melodrama (like much in negro life), some of the acting is second-rate, but the whole is the most exciting evening in New York. . . .

Two communications have come to us denying that *Earle F. Walbridge's* guess was right about the authorship of "The Gold Falcon." He guessed *Robert Graves*. The first communication, from *Maxwell Aley* at Longmans, Green, says:

> **His guesses as to the characters are quite good, but the author of the opus is *not* Robert Graves, as I should think would be all too apparent. The novel bristles with evidence as to its author's identity. But no traces of Graves! And by the way, while identifying, why didn't Mr. Walbridge identify Homer and Charles, our hero's American publishers? As a member of the profession, I am consumed with curiosity.**

Herbert F. West, writing from Cambridge, Mass., also says Mr. Walbridge's assumption concerning Graves is wrong, and adds:

> I might clear up one more point—that *Commander Thomas Volstead-Wrink* is a rather unfair take off of *Mr. T. Washington-Metcalfe* who recently wrote "The Life and Adventures of Aloysius O'Callaghan.

A copy of *Harold T. Pulsifer's* recent volume of verse, "Harvest of Time," penetrated to Freike, Mt. Lebanon, Syria. It fell into the hands of the distinguished Syrian-American poet, *Ameen Rihani*, who has returned to live in his birthplace after many years spent in the United States. The title poem of Mr. Pulsifer's book so moved Mr. Rihani that he sent the following sonnet of his own composition to the author of "Harvest of Time."

Thy golden words, O Brother of the West,
Have made the cedars of my hills rejoice;
And in the glens around their rocky nest,
They hear again the unforgotten voice
Of Adonais, and they see once more
The tulip-lips of youth within their shade:—
The "hidden hand" is sowing as before
And there is soil yet in the ancient glade.

Not in my hills, in Ladak or Cathay,
In ice-bound heights, in wastes beyond Benares,—
Certain, within this East,—the morning star is
Again announcing the auspicious day.
'T is true, discord and strife are also here,
But here, too, is the cradle of the seer.

Mr. Pulsifer's sonnet, to which this poem of Mr. Rihani is a reply, is printed below:

Time winnows beauty with a fiery wind.
Driving the dead chaff from the living grain.
Some day there will be golden sheaves to bind;
There will be wonder in the world again.
There will be lonely phrases born to power
There will be words immortal and profound;
Though no man knows the coming of the hour,
And no man knows the sower or the ground.
It may be even now the ranging earth
Lifting to glory some forgotten land
Feels there deep beauty quickening to birth,
Sprung from the sowing of a hidden hand.
Beauty endures though towering empires die
O speed the blown chaff down the smoking sky!

On the fourth of April, *Jeanne de Mare* will give a lecture on "Le Comte de Saint-Simon," at the residence of *Mrs. E. Rathborne*, 322 East 57th Street, at 9 P. M. Tickets may be procured from *Mrs. F. R. Holland*, 39 East 38th Street. They are a dollar seventy-five apiece. . . .

We are glad to note that the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation has selected the following writers for 1933 as worthy of fellowships for the purpose of creative writing: *Louise Bogan, E. E. Cummings, George Dillon, Leonard Ehrlich, Matthew Josephson, Younghill Kang,* and *Glenway Wescott*. . . .

We forgot to say that for promotion of *Thorne Smith's* "Rain in the Doorway" his publishers have evolved a book-plate to make the world safe for genuine owners of Smith's works. The book-plate says on it in large letters BORROWED with a "from" and space for your name underneath. Kleptomaniacs beware! . . .

From the Centaur Press a young poet, *Stanley Burnshaw*, has done two essays and forty translations on and of *André Spire* and his poetry. *Alfred Kreymborg* furnishes an introduction for this book on Spire.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 517)

Brief Mention

Again we list under this heading a group of books of varying importance where a few words of description should be enough to enable the wise reader to determine whether or not he should see them. There is, for example, a scholarly study of *English Burlesque Poetry:* 1700-1750, by Richmond P. Bond, published by the Harvard University Press ($3.50), also Ruth Clark's *Strangers and Sojourners at Port Royal* (Macmillan, $4.75), which is an account of the relations of the Jansenists with and the influence of Jansenism upon both Catholics and Protestants in Scotland and England. * * * For readers desiring compact and recent information in the field covered, *The French Political System*, by W. L. Middleton (Dutton, $3), and the new and revised edition of Aubrey F. G. Bell's *Contemporary Spanish Literature* (Knopf. $2.75) will be serviceable. * * * Barrett H. Clark, a well known expert on the drama, both European and American, is the editor of a two-volume anthology, *World Drama* (Appleton, $5 per volume). The selections range from Ancient Greece to Ibsen, and all drama-writing countries are represented. This, if our memory serves, is the most comprehensive collection of important plays from all literatures available in English. * * * A book of a semi-reference character is the useful social study, *The Negro's Church in America*, by Benjamin E. Mays and Joseph W. Nicholson (Institute of Social and Religious Research, New York, $2). This is a careful and scientific study, verified with statistics, and the sort of book which will be indispensable for any one who needs the facts. * * * May we mention here, although it is not a book, by all odds the most refreshing magazine that comes to our shelves? It is called *The Countryman* (Kingham, Oxfordshire, England) and is a quarterly and miscellany of rural life in England. In spite of its deeply English character there is more narrative and description dealing with nature, more unexpected bits of *belles lettres* and more rural information made delightfully articulate than in any half dozen nature books that come in while this little magazine is making its yearly rounds. More Americans should know it; some American should publish such a magazine for New England or still better for the South. * * * Robert L. Ballou, New York, is publishing a rather unusual book in *Hunting Insects in the South Seas*, by Evelyn Cheesman ($3). It is not technical but belongs under the head of nature study and adventure in little known parts of the world. He is also sponsoring a book on the art of poisoning in the period of Louis XIV, being an account of the life and trial of the infamous *La Voisin*, entitled *The Age of Arsenic*, by W. Branch Johnson ($3). * * * *The Philosophy of a Scientific Man*, by Paul R. Heyl (Vanguard, $1.50), is described as "the fruit of a lifetime on the part of mind which has run the whole gamut of religious and philosophical thinking and which shall finally reach the views here set forth." This is a thoughtful and realistic statement.

Alexander Spotswood, Governor of Colonial Virginia, 1710-1722, by Leonidas Dodson (University of Pennsylvania Press, $3), is not only a biography but also an attempt to show what a good British Governor accomplished in the Colonial period. * * * In the field of history, again, but a book for popular consumption, written with charm and color and flow of narrative, is *The Life of Edward the Black Prince*, by Henry Dwight Sedgwick, who adds in this book another to his series of romantic histories. * * * Romantic also, and much better written and much fresher in experience than most travel books, is *German Summer*, by Cornelia Stratton Parker (Liveright, $3.50). Especially to be commended is the chapter describing the voyage in a Faltboat down German rivers. This book, with its unusual experience and its observation sharpened by an interest in social problems, is the precise opposite of the conventional tour, which is fortunately going out of fashion in travel literature. * * * Let us note finally a new edition of John Dos Passos's *Three Soldiers* in The Modern Library (95c) with a very interesting brief introduction by the author.

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